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THE

# ENGLISH REVIEW

JULY, 1929

## Current Comments

IT is usual to preface any remarks on the Anglo-American Naval problem by disclaiming any intention of saying anything "likely to cause ill-feeling or to perpetuate misunderstanding" between the English-speaking peoples. There is, however, no ill-feeling, nor any likelihood of any, between the two peoples themselves on this question. Like all great nations, the United States and Great Britain have a number of peculiarities which occasionally get on each other's nerves, but the only alarm and ill-feeling generated over the Naval question has been caused, not by the armaments of either power, but by the proposals for *dis*-armament. General Dawes's speech, if it should make for a more genial atmosphere, does nothing to remove our anxiety. Rather to the contrary. It seeks to begin the new negotiations by securing the admission that parity between fleets can be assessed in terms of *matériel*. This is not the case, and nothing can make it so. The strength of fleets depends on their ability to concentrate fire power at the decisive point, and the potential strength of this concentration depends not on the total tonnage or fire power of the fleet as a whole, but on the length of the communications which this fleet has to defend. This point is obvious and, indeed, elementary. It is disconcerting, not only to find no suggestion that it is to be taken into account, but to find a quite distinct suggestion that it is to be ignored. A satisfactory feature of the situation is the caution shown by the Prime Minister and his qualified endorsement of Mr. Winston Churchill's speech on the subject.

**General Dawes and Disarmament**

MUCH truth has been written about the Election, and more nonsense. The fact is that most people felt themselves faced with no great issue (the relatively small poll suggests this), and decided to "give the other fellow a chance." Naturally, politicians and journalists are busy speculating what the figures mean and proving that

**The Verdict**

they mean whatever fits them best. Mr. Garvin is sure that they indicate the distrust of the masses for leaders without vision; Mr. Lloyd George, equally sure of himself, announces "a Liberal mandate," and Mr. Baldwin, silent but practical, shows what he thinks by installing a Labour Government in office without waiting for Parliament to express an opinion. Mr. MacDonald, as far as can be seen, shares Mr. Lloyd George's view, with a reservation (undoubtedly correct), that the country does not want Mr. Lloyd George. Certain sections of the Press have written quite superfluous nonsense both about the old and the new Government. Mr. Baldwin's administration, whatever its defects, was not a collection of senile and class-conscious bunglers, as the *New Statesman* suggests, and Mr. MacDonald's colleagues are not perceptibly above or below the general average of earlier Governments. It is not an age of supermen, and with the exception of the few remaining professional politicians, including most notably Mr. Winston Churchill and Mr. Philip Snowden, the best brains in the country have no political associations.

**The Facts and the Future**

SOME current talk to the effect that the Election marks an epoch in our political history is absurd. The present epoch began when the Conservative Party abandoned the conservative and adopted the progressive philosophy, watered down not by intellectual conviction, but by the nervousness of its older and richer supporters. Mr. Baldwin has failed to secure another lease of office, not so much because his half-hearted stand against the policy of bribing the electorate came too late, as because it was (or appeared to be) wrongly based. To call a halt to expenditure and to set out in their true light those dishonouring promises of a dawning age of easy money which have corrupted our politics for so many years, is not only sensible but necessary. It is, however, an attitude which will only be tolerated by ordinary and decent people, legitimately anxious about social conditions, when based on intellectual convictions and if the appeal is made, not to self-interest, but to self-sacrifice. If, as was the case with Mr. Baldwin's Government, the suspicion gets abroad that the comparative meagreness of its promises given is due to timidity,

the only result is to alienate simultaneously the "world-improvers," whose sole link with the party is anti-Socialism, and the intellectual forces normally supporting a Conservative administration.

**Intellectual Conservatism**

INTELLECTUAL Conservatism is an unpleasant phrase, with a suggestion of arrogance behind it. Yet the facts have got to be faced. For a Conservative Party without a Conservative philosophy there can be no future. If the only differences between the three parties are differences of administrative policy—should the Government cure unemployment by spending money on roads, or is it better to spend it on railways?—should old-age pensions begin at 65 or 62?—should the unemployment insurance scheme provide *x* or *y* in benefits?—then it is as clear as daylight that the party which always offers a little less than the others will never (without another *Red Letter* to help them), get a majority. And there could be only one end. We should see a growing impoverishment and a slowly accumulating discontent, while the prestige of parliamentary institutions would decline. Ultimately, as in Italy, Russia, and Spain, a *coup d'état* would provide an escape without providing a solution. If, I repeat, it is the fact that Conservatism has no intellectual basis, or if the Conservative Party, while retaining the name, seeks to regain power by becoming a "reforming" party with the usual stock ideas of "progressive" politicians, then there is no escape for this generation from the present depression, and no halt can be called to the decline of British prestige. No country, however prosperous — and we are no longer prosperous—can support two, let alone three, "progressive" parties!

**Nationalization a False Issue**

IT must be borne in mind that one of the differences often stressed between Socialism and anti-Socialism is largely, and as far as the present Government is concerned, wholly imaginary. State Socialism of the academic kind is as dead as a door-nail, and Conservative leaders and speakers had better be clear on this point. There is no one, not even Mr. Maxton, who

still seriously believes in direct State management of the whole of our industries. What all "progressive" parties believe in is a *vague* measure of State control of *management* and a *complete* measure of State control of *profits*. Between Liberals and Socialists there is virtually no difference, even of administrative policy. The confessed tendency of both these parties is towards "rationalization" under the direction of some semi-official body such as the Electricity Commissioners, towards Government-guaranteed loans for "uneconomic" development work, and towards currency inflation. This will be achieved by a variety of means, notably by guaranteeing work or full maintenance for the unemployed, by reducing hours, by raising the school age, by forcing men and women out of industry at 65 or even earlier (of course, on State pensions), and by providing increasing doles in kind in the form of subsidized houses, subsidized health insurance benefit, subsidized roads and subsidized railways.

**The "Progressive" *Welt-Politik***

In the sphere of world-politics the aims of the two great progressive parties are actually identical. Each is definitely internationalist when, as in Europe, the Pacific, and the Atlantic, British national interests are concerned, and as definitely nationalist when, as in India, Egypt, or Ireland, British imperial interests are concerned. The Hindu lawyer monkeying about with the formulæ of Western European Liberalism of the Mazzini epoch is, to Liberals and Socialists alike, an oppressed apostle rightly struggling to be free. An English statesman at Geneva pleading the right of Englishmen to reach their own conclusions about English interests is a renegade and a traitor to the cause of progress. At first glance, but only at first glance, these two attitudes seem inconsistent. The explanation lies in the hatred of all progressive parties for European civilization. Some progressives turn to the West, more, perhaps, to the East for their philosophies and their hopes, but it is the instinctive dislike of the Christian culture of Western Europe which unites the heirs of the historic Jewish civilization and the apostles of scientific progress. It is a formidable alliance.

**The Nemesis of a False Philosophy**

In making these remarks we are dealing with professed party principles, not with individual politicians. Men like Mr. Fisher, Sir John Simon, and Mr. J. H. Thomas are certainly good Europeans at heart and would almost certainly agree that the future of the world depends on the security of our traditional civilization in face of attacks from East and West alike. They would probably go farther and agree that the influence which different nations or associations of nations can legitimately exercise in the world must be determined by the quality of their civilization and the character of their ideals rather than by their material wealth or their numbers. The same applies to very many of the individual men and women who voted either Liberal or Socialist at the last election. But the present position will not and cannot last. Between internationalism and nationalism, between the supremacy in world politics of the moral law as interpreted by the consciences of nations and the supremacy of majority votes on arbitration committees, there can be no compromise any more than there can be between the principle of national security and the principle of international guarantees. If a nation has the duty of influencing the development of world politics according to its lights, it must have the legal right and the necessary political and military resources. If we are to substitute for the interplay of racial, national, and religious forces along natural lines the chance dictates of a world Parliament, differing from our domestic Parliaments only by being unrepresentative as well as incompetent, then obviously national sovereignty and its appurtenances are reprehensible anachronisms. That both Socialists and Liberals *at the moment and in practice* adopt the conventional and historic European view of national and imperial responsibilities (except in the case of the security services) is true and gratifying. But the practice of parties, if it lags far behind at the outset, will inevitably and in time catch up with the philosophy to which their service is at first but lip-service—and of the nature of the Liberal–Socialist philosophy of world-politics there can be no doubt. It is definitely pacifist, internationalist, and anti-European.

WHAT of the future? We said above that for a Conservative Party without Conservative convictions rooted in a clear-cut philosophy there can be no future. The reason should now be plain. If the majority of the political leaders of the party and the majority of the rank and file take fundamentally the same view of the life of individuals and of nations as the Liberal and Labour Parties, then, the sooner they join forces with Mr. Lloyd George to form, under Mr. Garvin's leadership "a national progressive party," the better for everyone. If individuals can safely be relieved from the obligation, fundamental to every civilized society yet known, of maintaining themselves and their families by their own efforts, if internationalism based on compromise and not civilization working in and through a virile nationalism is the right goal of our foreign policy, it is far better to have two parties pursuing these aims together than to delay the millennium by factious opposition. A Conservative Party which announced that it accepted internationalism as its ideal, that it renounced the right of independent national action at sea, that it repudiated the principle of security and was willing to submit any and every issue to arbitration, but which haggled feebly about the rapidity with which we reduced our navy to impotence, could defend itself neither on grounds of logic nor on grounds of expediency. It could not secure from either of the other parties a single intelligent adherent or even a single voter. Instead, such a party must go on losing supporters, because by paying lip-service to such ideals as internationalism it would be lending such prestige as it still enjoyed to gaining converts for the parties obviously more in earnest about putting such ideals into practice.

**The Futility of "Progressive" Conservatism**

SIMILARLY at home. It is either the case that we can only improve our material prosperity by working harder as individuals, in which case a resolute independence, thrift, self-reliance, and industry are the only keys to progress, or else it is the case that by working less and receiving more money, by entering productive industry later and leaving it earlier, by consuming more and producing less, the millions can be brought appreciably closer to the millennium. It was largely because of his

**Small Bribes are Refused**

failure to realize the clear-cut nature of these alternatives that Mr. Lloyd George's Austerlitz turned into a Sedan. If, indeed, it was true that by borrowing £150,000,000 you could reduce the unemployed by 500,000, what conceivable excuse could there be for not borrowing £300,000,000 and reducing unemployment to zero? The same dilemma awaits Conservative (so-called) progressives. If we are moving in the right direction, let us hurry. If we are on the wrong road, we do no good by alternately crying an uneasy halt and shambling onward at a snail's pace.

**The Cause of the Débacle**

Our contemporary the *Saturday Review*, is, in fact, very possibly right in ascribing the débacle of the last administration to the obstinacy with which the party alienated every one of the intellectual forces which normally support it. It is often said that no party which does not pay lip-service to democratic and progressive ideals can ever secure votes, but a glance round Europe suggests the contrary. In no country in Europe except our own is there a definitely left-wing popular Government in power, and the two strongest Governments in Europe, namely, those in power at Moscow and Rome, are both professedly anti-democratic. It may be true that these two Governments will both fall with n a few years, but the relevant point is that they were both brought into being by a general popular demand. Looking at our own situation on the lowest possible ground of expediency, there is no reason for supposing that a Conservative Party which had the courage to proclaim itself such, which definitely and openly challenged the sloppy series of unsupported generalizations that form the philosophy of the progressive parties, would not secure a victory at the polls. Whereas a Conservative opposition contenting itself with pin-prick criticisms or endeavouring to stage for the next election the bogey of "nationalization" will get nowhere.

**Are there any Conservatives?**

The interesting point is, to what extent does the Conservative Party really believe in a Conservative philosophy? I am prompted to this rather fundamental question by a letter published in our last issue in which our correspondent urges the substantial point that a "*non possumus*"

attitude towards social reform (as evinced by the present writer) is bound to be fatal to Conservatism. There are, he says, certain definite hardships and inequalities and injustices in our social system, and the Conservative Party must stand before the country with a definite remedy for each of them or go out of business. But what does this mean but the acceptance in all its implications of the progressive philosophy, which, put in its crudest form, is this: "If you find a man poor, pass a law to make him rich"? Put in this form, the absurdity of the thesis is self-evident, yet the whole of the Liberal yellow book and the whole of the Prime Minister's election pamphlet ("Labour and the Nation") can be quoted in defence of the justice of this bald summary. Yet, according, apparently, to our correspondent, and, I fear, to hundreds of thousands of other alleged Conservatives, not merely the only difference, but *the only possible* difference, between the Conservative Party and their opponents lies in their view of the *kind* of law which ought to be passed to make the poor man rich.

**What is Conservatism?**

WHAT, on the contrary, is the true Conservative position? Whole books could be written on this, and it must be sufficient here to indicate its character. It rests on specific beliefs as to the nature of man and the limitations inherent in human societies. It challenges at the outset the assumption that men grow naturally wiser and more virtuous, and sets against it the facts of history in support of the view that men can achieve prosperity relatively easily, but retain it only rarely, by a constant renewal of effort and by unceasing self-discipline. Conservatism holds that, while every progressive development extends a legitimate measure of hope for mankind, it holds out at the same time, by an inexorable law grounded in human nature, new dangers and new temptations. Above all, it believes that a nation's future is determined by its history and its institutions, and that a revolt against either is a revolt against the only source of helpful inspiration. We are what we are, and can only build on the given foundations. By their history and their religion the fate of a people is decided. A nation without a history is a nation without a future; a nation without

religion is a nation without hope. Last, and most important of all, the Conservative creed is positive. It believes in the existence of right and wrong, and believes that we can distinguish between the two by the light of reason. It repudiates absolutely and with the surest logic the idea of relativity or evolution as applied to public and private morality. It stands for the authority of the head of the family and the head of the State. It holds that public virtue and private happiness can only rest on a ready submission to these two disciplines. *Pro deo, pro rege, pro patria.* That is not one of many, it is the only possible Conservative philosophy.

This Conservative philosophy may be false, but, if so, there is no room in an enlightened world for priest, King, or family, and still less for the Conservative Party. The idea that such a party with its old-fashioned loyalties and instinctive prejudices will be tolerated in an age which has rejected the only assumptions on which those loyaltiesand prejudices can be justified, is mere journalistic flapdoodle. No one sees this more clearly or puts it more forcibly than Mr. Garvin, who announces *orbi et urbi* that his support is finally withdrawn from the party, and that unless another party arises in its place which, while retaining its faith in nationality, subscribes to the progressive philosophy, his paper will remain independent of all political associations.

**The Duty of Conservatives**

We, on the other hand, demand of the Conservative leaders in the next two years a vigorous enunciation and defence of Conservative principles, and a fearless exemplification of their sincere faith in these principles by a consistent policy of reasoned opposition to bribes and subsidies. This does not mean a surrender of the Conservative leadership to the big business interests, but the subordination of profiteers and youthful world-improvers alike to the discipline of a coherent and reasoned creed.

**Corruptio Optimi**

The conversion of Sir William Jowitt has provided the political sensation of the month, and a rather unsavoury one at that. For the reasons already given we attach no importance to his change of views because we imagine he has not changed them. Quite obviously, however, a man who is prepared to join a Socialist Government is unwise to

stand for Parliament as a member of a party whose sole claim to support rested on the assumption that it was anti-Socialist in a sense which was significant and important. Personally we share Sir William's view that the Liberal and Labour aims and objects are identical, but for a man who holds that view to support by the prestige of a very brilliant reputation the efforts of the Liberal Party to secure office as anti-Socialist progressives is an outrage, if not on his private conscience, at least on public decencies. It has shaken the faith of decent people in our public life and done harm to the causes which his conversion professes to serve. Incidentally, the Prime Minister's relief that his convert has realized that it was "waste of time" " to continue to believe" in the Liberal Party suggests a new test of the validity of principles. How long in his view must a belief be unprofitable before, by what we may call henceforward the time-test, honourable men can repudiate it? Three days is apparently the answer.

**Electoral Reform**

WHAT should be the attitude of reasonable men to electoral reform? With five million Liberal voters represented by some fifty members of Parliament we are bound to hear much of it in the near future. Our own view is that the present system works tolerably well, given the inherent absurdities of representation on a geographical basis without indirect elections. The root of the matter is that large aggregates of population can only be represented effectively when they have a common occupation or tradition which gives them something approaching a common will. A trade union delegate *does* represent in some real sense the general body of the members, and if we can imagine the doctors or the lawyers electing a representative body from their own members, we should be pretty certain that here also the men would be of representative quality in character, outlook, and habit of thought. Geographical units, however, have no common will, unless they are sufficiently small for every one to be able to vote not only with personal knowledge of the candidate, but with personal knowledge of each other. A village or a small suburb not only could have, but already has, a definite will of its own; a constituency with 100,000 inhabitants never can have such a thing.

**Possible Solutions**

ADMITTING, however, that what we are really making is not an attempt to elect representatives, but to take a referendum on life in general—an inherently ridiculous effort—does the result of the present election substantially misrepresent the views of the electors? I doubt it. It is assumed by minorities as axiomatic that, even if they are in a minority in every constituency in the country, yet they ought to be substantially represented because of their large aggregate poll. This is an arguable view, but there is a good deal more to be said for the opposite view. What is wanted is a strong central Government representing majority opinion, not a weak Government reflecting all shades of opinion, and, under the Parliamentary system, a Government can only be strong if the electoral system is loaded against minorities. If there is to be reform, Conservatives should see that it is of a kind calculated to produce a stronger and more clear-cut decision, not a hotch-potch of groups without coherence or power. The second ballot, which ensures that every elected member represents an absolute majority of his constituents is, perhaps, the most truly Conservative reform. The Alternative Vote is fairer but more complicated.

**The Prime Minister and Minorities**

THE Prime Minister has written a newspaper article urging that the powers of the League in respect of minorities under the sovereignty of alien races should be extended. Naturally, this expression of opinion, and still more the occasion of it, have provoked strong comment abroad. Most notably, Italy and France, whose "minority" problems are not at present within the purview of the League, are particularly angry. Mr. MacDonald is an internationalist and his views are logical. He should realize, however, that Europe is nationalist in temper, Soviet Russia not excluded, and that any attempt to place the old kingdoms and empires—whatever their nominal form of government—under the heel of Geneva will lead straight to war. Some ideals are worth fighting for, but for this ideal not a single sane man in Europe or outside it is going to lift a finger. Let the Prime Minister also realize, before it is too late, that a pacifist is a man whose intentions are pacific, but is almost always at the same time a man whose actions provoke international quarrels.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

# Notes from Paris

By George Adam

***Mr. MacDonald on Minorities.***—The new Premier's article on Minorities is an unhappy overture to Labour's return to foreign affairs. The circumstances of its publication have been but imperfectly revealed in the French Conservative Press, and Pertinax has interpreted the Premier's phrases with much worked-up indignation as indicating an intention on Great Britain's part to reopen the Alsace-Lorraine settlement. The fact that the article was written many weeks ago does not, after all, diminish its importance as a reflection of Mr. MacDonald's general attitude towards the Treaty of Versailles, and it has had a deeply disturbing effect in all those countries which, thanks to Versailles, have to deal with a minority population.

Only ten years have passed since the signature of the Treaty of Versailles. Even its authors knew then that no serious effort could be made to apply many of its provisions and that whole chapters of it would inevitably be subjected to drastic revision in the years to come. Like the French Revolution, the peace settlement continues. The Owen Young plan is probably not the last stage in the financial adjustment of the treaty; nor are the economic and financial clauses alone in need of revision. The evacuation of occupied Germany is the next stage in the return to real peace conditions, and while Europe is bargaining over that point, the campaign for the rights of racial minorities will grow in violence and in volume. We have but to think of what our own feelings would have been had a European power openly questioned the wisdom and justice of our rule in Ireland or in Malta to realize the anger aroused in Fascist Italy by the suggestion that the Slav and German populations within her new frontiers are not benevolently governed.

***America and Debts.***—M. Briand and Dr. Stresemann have done some useful if informal talking in Madrid, and this has been continued and enlarged during the latter's brief visit to Paris. For once it is easy to believe semi-official statements that no momentous decisions have been discussed, for politically matters are rather uncertain both in Paris and in Berlin. France finds herself faced with the necessity of ratifying both the Young reparations plan and her debt agreements with America and Britain before August 1st, when otherwise

she will have to meet her bill for the material purchased from America after the war. French Radicals and Socialists, who have been greatly cheered up by the return of Labour to power in Britain, want to make M. Poincaré feel their power in these matters. Already the Premier has had to withdraw his threat to effect ratification by decree and has had to agree to meet the Parliamentary committees and to accept a full dress debate in the Chambers. There is even talk of a dramatic ministerial crisis in which M. Briand is made to play the part of the wrecker. He is generally credited with a desire for rest, and, while he may not in the present Cabinet feel entirely at his ease, it is more than doubtful whether he will lend himself to any intrigue against a Government which has done so much for French finances and which has, on the whole, supported with loyalty his efforts for the improvement of Franco-German relations. M. Poincaré may therefore view the immediate future with confidence, and although the Nationalist Press and parties are attacking the Young plan with the utmost vigour, the success of their efforts is not anticipated.

***Dawes and MacDonald.*** — The meeting between Mr. Ambassador Dawes and Mr. MacDonald has aroused great interest in France, and that interest is not entirely free from a fear that France may "miss the boat." By a curious ricochet the prospect of an early Anglo-American naval understanding, of an agreement upon the broad lines of international policy inspired by economic considerations, has strengthened French Radical feeling in favour of a more sincere and practical understanding with Germany than is contained in the first effort of Locarno. No country worthy of a place in history can come to a friendly understanding with a foreign power which is in occupation of its territory. Locarno may be good or bad politics, but it must obviously remain ineffective so long as any portion of German soil is occupied by French troops. The fight over the evacuation of the Rhineland will become acute under the Young plan. Already, M. Jacques Bardoux, an old friend of M. Poincaré, points out that sooner or later Germany will seek a further scaling down of her payments, and that the total evacuation of German territory and loss of the means of an immediate reoccupation will deprive France of her only solid guarantee. M. Daladier, leader of the Socialist

Radical party, on the other hand roundly declares that any Anglo-American understanding is a decisive argument in favour of an immediate rapprochement between France and Germany, and that France, without waiting for further pressure from her former Allies, should spontaneously leave German soil by September 1st.

***Stresemann's Visit.***—London is believed to be ambitious to have the International political conference which must follow that of the experts. At Madrid other places have been suggested, including Baden and Lucerne, and the last is for the moment the favourite. Nearly all Dr. Stresemann's official talk must of necessity deal with arrangements for that approaching visit, but a further step has been taken towards the evacuation of the Rhineland before the end of the year. There remains the problem of the Saar Valley. According to Versailles a plebiscite has to be held as to whether the inhabitants at the end of French occupation wish to remain German or become French. This was part of the small change French diplomacy created at Versailles for future use, for no reasonably well-informed French diplomat can have doubted for an instant that the Saarois intend to remain German by nationality. The French therefore have this plebiscite counter to play with in the course of evacuation talk, and it is probably desirable both from a military and economic point of view that the Saar territory should remain for a time in French hands even after their troops have left the Rhine.

Reviewing the whole problem of reparations, debts and evacuation in a bold spirit of prophecy, I should say that France will ratify the Young plan, her debt agreements with Britain and America, and evacuate the Rhine before the year is out, but that she may still try to find economic and military guarantees for German good behaviour in the Saar and in the direction of Luxembourg.

M. Briand left one of the bull-fights staged for the Madrid meetings of the pacifist League of Nations when a lame bull was removed in obedience to popular clamour, and remarked as the unfortunate animal was being taken out by the herd, " There's a fellow who undoubtedly is in favour of disarmament and security." M. Poincaré, who, in spite of his somewhat dictatorial appearance, is nevertheless " un homme de gauche," knows that France entirely shares the bull's sentiments.

# Why I Lost

## By a Defeated Candidate

As Conservative candidate for a typical industrial constituency, and one, moreover, which was saddled with a solid block of ten thousand miners, it may be allowable for me to set down some of the causes which brought about my defeat. I started my campaign with all the advantages which come from local associations—half a lifetime's residence in the constituency, a reputation for service in public life, and a long experience of local politics; advantages which, it was believed, lifted me high above any other candidate, especially one who might have earned the opprobrious term of "carpet-bagger." Yet I was beaten—soundly and decisively beaten, and the majority against me was six or seven times larger than the majority against the last Conservative candidate, who possessed none of the local advantages which might have been supposed to operate in my favour. How came it about?

The seat was held by a Socialist. At first it was hoped there would be a straight fight between us—two local men, each representing a definitely clear-cut policy; Constitutionalism on my side, Socialism on the side of my opponent. There was a general feeling that had the contest been allowed to proceed on those lines, the chances were in my favour. I had scores and hundreds of friends within the ranks of the Liberal party. They expressed their approval of my candidature. They promised me their support. The leaders amongst them gave me an assurance that there would be no Liberal intervention. Several, indeed, promised to appear on my platform, offered me the use of their cars on polling day, and openly declared that I was the one and only local man who had any chance of beating the Socialist representative.

Yet within two months of the election a Liberal candidate was brought into the field and a three-cornered fight was staged. The candidate chosen—nay, not chosen, but dumped upon us—was not a local man. He was brought in from some distance away. He had no local associations. He was an absolute stranger. He knew fewer than a dozen people in the constituency. He knew nothing of the town, its people, its sentiment, its industries. If ever there was a "carpet-bagger," it was

my Liberal opponent. His advent created what was almost a split in the Liberal Party. The better elements amongst them were hostile to his candidature. Two or three men who had held high office in the Liberal association revolted against his adoption. They declined to support his campaign. They refused to subscribe to the expenses of his fight. They argued that it was rankest folly to split the Constitutional forces and give the seat to the Socialists. But it was all in vain. London insisted that every possible seat should be contested by the Liberals. There need be no question of money. It would be found. The local association yielded to this insistent pressure, though every member knew that their imported nominee had not the least chance of success, and knew, moreover, that he was queering the pitch of the Conservative candidate already in the field. So the die was cast. The Liberal was adopted. The immediate effect was the abstention of many of my Liberal friends from any active share in the fight. They could not, and would not, support a Lloyd Georgian nominee who had been literally forced upon them; and they could not, and would not, appear openly against the local Conservative candidate with whom they had worked for years in nearly every form of local service. The ultimate effect was to split the anti-Socialist vote, though, as the sequel showed, it had little to do with the triumph of the Socialist on polling day. Ours was one of the few cases where the splitting of the anti-Socialist vote had no effect upon the final decision, for the Socialist beat us both, and beat us quite easily. Even if there had been no Liberal in the field, the result would have been the same.

Just one word more about the Liberal before I deal with the causes of my defeat. Everybody recognized that the real issue lay between the Conservative and the Socialist. Yet there was a strong Liberal element in the constituency. Indeed, the division had been represented by a Liberal for about ten years before it was captured by a Socialist. Since then Socialism has made tremendous strides. It has been recruited very largely from the ranks of the old Liberal Party. For one Tory working man who has seceded to Labour there may be a hundred who began as Liberals. Like all converts to a new faith, they are exceedingly bitter against the faith they have discarded. They regard Liberalism as a worn-out

creed. They have no confidence in Mr. Lloyd George. They have forgotten Gladstone. Hence the Liberal candidate made no appeal to them. They declined to attend his meetings. Whereas, in my case, they attended my meetings in hundreds and thousands, and heckled and questioned me with vigour and persistence, they left my Liberal opponent severely alone. Indeed, they carried their contempt of Liberalism to an unprecedented point. They didn't want to hear of it. If I offered to talk about Liberal policy, or the Lloyd George road scheme, they would call out, "We don't want to hear about Liberalism; tell us about your own policy." Toryism is hated by the Socialists; they will attend Tory meetings and heckle speakers for hour after hour. For Liberalism they have nothing but contempt and indifference. Liberalism is confined to the die-hards of the party. It makes no appeal to youth. It numbers hardly anybody but the middle-aged and the very old. As for the working classes, they reject it with every sign of contumely. In the industrial areas of the Midlands and the North Liberalism is dying as rapidly as it can. When the present generation has passed and the new generation has divided itself between Conservatism and Socialism, there will be nothing left of the Liberal Party. It has no message for today. Socialism has killed it as an effective political force. If I learned nothing else, I learned this from my experience as a Parliamentary candidate. There I may leave the Liberal. Beyond the fact that he took from me several thousand votes which left him at the bottom of the poll he was of no account whatever in the election.

It is much more interesting to turn now to a consideration of some of my handicaps. First and foremost, I must deal with the miners. Only those who have lived in a mining constituency know anything about the mentality of the mining section of the people. They are almost as a race apart. I have lived in the iron and steel centres of the Midlands, among the cotton workers of Lancashire, the woollen workers of the West Riding, the quarrymen of Wales, and the agricultural people in Kent. Nowhere is there a class of men at all like the miners. They live by themselves, to themselves, and for themselves. Just imagine a typical mining village of five thousand people. All the males are employed at the pit, save a few shopkeepers, the publicans, a few

professional men like dentists and doctors, and workers like cobblers, road-men, and so on. The colliery owns every house in the village. Every interest centres on the pit. The men and boys spend eight hours a day in the pit; the remainder of the day they spend in bed, at the street corner, in the public-house, or in their social club. At work they see and talk to nobody but their fellow-miners. They leave the pit in droves; they live in streets where every house is inhabited by a miner and his family; if they go to the "pub" for a drink, or to the club for a game of dominoes and a look at the evening paper, they meet nobody but miners. There is no body of workers in this country who live so much to themselves. No comparison can be instituted between them and other great groups of workers. It is an absolute contrast. The artisan at an engineering establishment mixes far more with the world than the miner. He lives in a town in which dozens of trades and industries are carried on. He meets workers in other trades and callings every day of his life. His social club is, in its way, representative of workers in industry, as well as clerks, shop-assistants, and so forth. He has a broader mind, a wider outlook than the miner. For the miner, day in and day out, talks about nothing but coal and wages and hours; he sees nobody who has any other interest in life. He is the most self-centred man in England.

The result of this isolation, this grouping, this aloofness from the world, is that the miner thinks in mass formation. His individuality finds no expression. Out of a hundred miners 99 will think alike. When it is remembered that there are a million miners in this country, the vast voting power they represent will be appreciated; and when it is added that nearly all adult miners are married and generally have families, it will be seen that the mining vote is one of the most serious factors in modern politics. And here comes the vital point—that the mining vote is not merely Socialistic, not merely anti-Conservative, but is anti-Baldwin with a personal bitterness hard to realize. The miner hates Mr. Baldwin. Nothing is to be gained by ignoring this fact. As a class, they have been told by their leaders that Mr. Baldwin is the greatest enemy they have ever had to face. They believe he was responsible for the General Strike of 1926. They believe he engineered the

coal stoppage which followed it. They say that, when Mr. Churchill was trying to settle it and looked like succeeding, Mr. Baldwin flew back from France and put a stop to the negotiations. They charge him with being the author of the eight-hours day. Never have I seen such bitter and malevolent hatred of any statesman as I saw of Mr. Baldwin. To mention his name was to draw a storm of hisses. "Murderer," "villain," were some of the kindest epithets which came from my audiences. Every ill the coal trade suffers from was ascribed to his malignant influence. He is charged with having the coalowners in his pocket, with having introduced the eight-hours day to make more money for his capitalist friends, with having ended the coal stoppage on terms favourable to the owners and humiliating to the workers. The women were worse than the men. I have seen them screech and howl at the mere mention of his name. One gentle specimen of the sex told me, publicly, that if there was a rope round Mr. Baldwin's neck, she would be glad to give it a pull.

In short, among the miners the election took the form of a personal vendetta against Mr. Baldwin. Friends who went out with me to my meetings were amazed. They could hardly credit the malignant hatred, the angry passion, vented on our Premier. I have seen an audience swept off their feet in a gust of passion at the first mention of his name, and if I repeated it, the storm broke out again. I was told, scores of times, that the objection was not to me personally. On the contrary, I was described as "a jolly good sport," with the qualification that I was defending a "villain." The whole aim of the miners and their families was to oust Mr. Baldwin. Their speakers fostered in every way this spirit of rancour and hatred. They even unearthed what they made out was his first speech in Parliament and read it at their meetings—a speech in which he took a strong line against a reduction of the miners' working day. I never verified it, but the fact itself conveys its own moral. At all costs, they were out to dethrone the Conservative leader, and I verily believe that if his dismissal from the Premiership could have been accompanied by his dismissal from politics, they would have regarded it as their crowning achievement. It was useless to talk to them of anything his Government

had accomplished. They would reply that he built houses only because he was forced; that he gave the vote to women only because he knew it would be one of the first actions of a Labour Government; and as to safeguarding, de-rating, and other Tory measures, they saw nothing in any of these but schemes to enrich the manufacturer and the merchant at the expense of the worker. Argument, reason, logic—all were thrown away. It was like beating cold iron on an anvil. Mr. Baldwin had been pictured to them as the villain of the piece, and they hissed and booed him as the virtuous audiences of London used to hiss and boo the villain of transpontine drama.

Thus I am led to the conclusion that one of the first causes of my defeat was the miners' hatred of Mr. Baldwin. I am not alone in this conclusion. I have compared notes with Conservative candidates in other mining constituencies and they have precisely the same tale to tell. Old campaigners can find no parallel to it. Some of our memories go back to the Home Rule elections of the early 'nineties; to the fierce strife of the "Chinese slavery" election; to the hammer-and-tongs contest between Tariff Reform and Free Trade—but we all agree that never in our experience was any party leader the object of so much virulent hatred as was Mr. Baldwin in the recent General Election. On the part of the miners and their families it was nothing less than a personal vendetta. The fact is, of course, that they do not understand Mr. Baldwin. His honesty of mind, his straightforwardness, his attempts to bring about peace in industry, his thoroughly English sentiment, his efforts to procure a "fair deal" for the workers in every trade, his sacrifices for his country—to tell them these things was to provoke an outburst of ribald and derisive laughter. Mr. Baldwin has been grossly misunderstood and cruelly maligned. The men's leaders have deliberately and systematically poisoned the wells of truth. They have created a Mr. Baldwin who has no likeness to the real man. They have pursued him with a rancour which has no parallel in modern political life. They have painted him as a capitalist bent upon grinding the worker beneath the heel of grasping employers. For the time they have succeeded—but some day the truth will be known, and these deluded workers will realize then how

grossly they have been misled and how cruelly they have treated one whose service to the community entitled him to a fairer judgment.

To pass on. There were other causes of my defeat. One of these was the granting of the franchise to women. Nothing is to be gained by arguing the rights or wrongs of this measure. The ideal democracy is one in which every member has a voice in the affairs of the State. But it is not an ideal democracy where power is granted to those unfitted by education and temperament to exercise it. In my constituency the granting of the vote to women increased the electorate by nearly ten thousand. The vast majority of these were the wives and daughters of workers—and especially the wives and daughters of miners. They were keen to exercise the vote. They attended meetings. They were ready and eager to heckle. They would start the doleful strains of "The Red Flag" as soon as I had finished speaking. They formed in lanes outside my meeting places and booed me lustily as I walked to the waiting car. And, what is ten times more important, they went to the poll in masses. I saw processions of them—tens and twenties at a time. They stood outside the booth and shouted derisively as known Conservatives went up to vote. If they suspected one of their own class was likely to vote Tory they assailed him—took him by the arm, surrounded him, called him "traitor," and assured him that the Conservative candidate wanted to make him work eight or nine hours a day. The women in the mining villages were solid for Labour. None of my workers had the least doubt about that.

And what about our own women? Well, great numbers of them both worked and voted. The bulk of the voluntary clerical work in our committee room was done by women. It was among the young women that we found indifference and reluctance to vote. Our canvassers came in with tales of this or that young miss who couldn't be bothered to vote. She was just going out to tea; she was due at the tennis-court in a few minutes; she was expecting her beau to take her a joy-ride in his car; or she didn't know anything about politics and had no intention of recording her vote. In other words, on the Socialist side we had burning zeal, an intense eagerness to take advantage of the new privilege of voting; on the Tory side we had a dead weight of apathy and indifference

that argument and entreaty were powerless to move. I say nothing as to whether women should or should not have the franchise on equal terms with men. What I do say is that in my constituency it gave my Socialist opponent a present of thousands of votes—and without them he might not have won, or at least he would not have had the thumping majority by which he topped the poll. So I arrive at the conclusion that the second factor which contributed to my defeat was the vote of the newly-enfranchised women.

A third cause was the fact that by comparison with the Socialists our programme failed to touch the popular imagination. The Socialists have gone into power on a wave of froth and spume. Their leaders held before the mass of them a programme which appealed to the new political sense. Very little was said about work. It is not a popular theme. Tell them that the pensionable age will be still further reduced, say, to 50; tell them that the old-age pension, when they get it, will be no "beggarly pittance" of ten shillings a week, but an allowance equal to the normal wage of a worker; tell them that the State will shift every liability off their shoulders, will ease them of every burden and responsibility, will feed and clothe their families and themselves during every strike, will guarantee them an ample annuity long before real old age creeps upon them; in short, remove every incentive to thrift, sap every principle of manly independence and self-reliance and throw them on the care of the State—if you can bring yourself to all this, you will be on a par with any tub-thumping spouter who makes the mouths of his hearers water as he abuses their credulity and arouses their cupidity. Season it with a dash of venom against Mr. Baldwin and throw in a few broad hints of class warfare, and you have a typical Socialist oration.

Nobody would expect a Conservative candidate to stoop to this sort of thing. Let Socialism enjoy its monopoly of charlatans. One of my friends went to a Socialist meeting during the election to see for himself the class of audience and the type of oratory in which they revel, and he told me it was almost pitiful to see how they sat, with glistening eyes, listening to a torrent of drivel beneath the contempt of serious-minded people. Is it any wonder that men and women, fed on this stuff,

swallow it as gospel and vote for the men who purvey it? They believe, in all sincerity, that their salvation in life is bound up with Socialism. And what do we do to counteract it? Merely to rail against it is futile. They tell us we are frightened of losing our power and influence and are resentful at the idea of the bottom dog coming into its own. They like to be told they are the down-trodden masses, ground beneath the heel of an iron despotism; that they are the victims of an unjust social system; that Socialism will redress all their grievances; and so on. Then, in a burst of frenzy, they break into "The Red Flag," and on polling day they vote Socialist by the million. What we have to discover is the antidote for this pestilential nonsense—and we do not seem yet to have discovered it.

Hence, my suggestion that the Conservative programme lacked punch. It made no appeal to popular imagination. It may have suited the business man, the professional man, the merchant, and the manufacturer, but it found little or no response amongst the great mass of people in the industrial areas. The fact that we failed to win seats held by the enemy, the further fact that we lost to them scores of seats that had been Conservative for years, are proof enough that our programme was not built on sufficiently popular lines. We had no slogan to stir the blood; no war-cry to thrill and enthuse; no policy which appealed. I heard Mr. Baldwin's speech at Drury Lane; and I came out of the theatre expressing regret to my colleagues that there was little or nothing in it which I could use with effect before a working-class audience. The lack of a popular programme is the third in my list of causes which helped us to lose.

The public memory is short. There is no gratitude in politics. If there were, Mr. Baldwin would not have been smashed by the new democracy he himself created. It is not enough to point to a successful administration. It is not enough to claim that every promise made on entering office has been kept. The people want to know what you intend to do, if returned to power. They ask, with brutal insistence, for leave to examine your programme. Go back to Gladstonian days and recall the Midlothian campaigns, cast your mind back over all the intervening elections, and you find that political parties have won seats not on past performances, but on future policies.

To me this is one of the great lessons of the recent election. Conservatism stands for something yet. It is still the faith of nearly half the people of this country. It has great traditions. It has given to the service of the State some of the brightest intellects who have adorned the political stage. But it must move with the times. It must captivate the young. It must hammer out a new policy. It must aim higher than offering a mere negative to Socialism. It must not only drive moonshine out of the heads of the people, but it must put sunshine into their hearts. It may be that the tide was running out against us and that we had little chance of stemming it. In that case the tide will turn again. When it does, we must have something more than mere iteration of past achievements. What we did yesterday is of little account compared with what we intend to do on the morrow. At one of my meetings, where a heckler dared me to name one great Tory measure which had benefited the working people, and I adduced free education as example, he could only retort, "Oh, that's a long time since!" What audiences wanted was a definitely constructive programme. For, reversing Mr. Baldwin's own dictum, we have to deal with an electorate many of whom vote on promises and not on performances.

And finally, are we keen enough on educating the electorate? Do we pay sufficient attention to scientific organization? Are we not guilty of the folly of concentrating on an election and then allowing things to slide until the next battle-cry rings in our ears? In my constituency the Socialists were talking of the next election on the night of the declaration. They are untiring in their labours. They make converts every day. They hold more meetings in a month than our association holds in a year. There are local committees who know the political faith of every resident in their street. They train canvassers and speakers to a far greater extent than we do. To them, Socialism is far more than a political creed—it is almost a religion. We may deplore their ignorance and fanaticism, but we are bound to admire their zeal. Not until we catch something of the flame which burns within their hearts will Conservatism come into its own again. The material is available. It only needs shaping into a living force and then guiding to victory.

# The British Industrial Mission to Russia*

By Ernest Remnant

In the "Quest for Markets" Russia must not merely be included but is even probably entitled to first place. There is no other country which within the next few years could absorb such a large quantity of British manufactures. We have, moreover, fairly accurate knowledge of the character and quality of goods required. We have also assurances that orders could be almost immediately placed. There is only one obstacle—finance. Finance has come to mean the provision of credit. To Finance we owe the modern development of commerce; without it trade would be limited to simultaneous exchange of goods, otherwise barter. We have been accustomed in England not merely to give credit but to provide a large part of the initial capital needed to create the machinery of civilization in a new State, as, for example, in South America and in our Dominions. The suggestion, therefore, that we should do the same for Russia deserves sober consideration—like any other business proposition.

What are the elements of credit, and do they exist in Russia? They are population, natural resources, industry, order, and good faith. Russia has a population of about 150,000,000, occupying one-sixth of the habitable globe, with natural resources greater even than those of the United States of America. The Russian people are industrious, physically strong, and uncommonly hardy. After a tremendous upheaval, which most informed observers knew to be inevitable sooner or later, a new order appears to have been firmly established in Russia and seems as likely to last as any other in Europe. The personnel has undergone many changes, and probably no Government is more ready to scrap and replace

* A paper read at Newcastle-on-Tyne, 17th June.

details in its mechanism. This process is continually going on, and must be regarded as proof of a vigorous public opinion, certainly not of disintegration. I have found no one with sufficient knowledge to render his opinion valuable who would venture to predict the overthrow of the present apparatus of government in Russia. By this I do not wish to convey the impression that it will be permanently stereotyped; on the contrary, it will undoubtedly evolve, and so survive. We come last to the vital question of good faith, without which the others are of small moment. Here we are met with an apparent paradox. On the one hand, during the last eleven years, there has been no single failure to discharge punctually every liability contracted; universal testimony from all—and they are many—who have had dealings with Russia—and their volume is large—that the Russians are as scrupulously determined to keep their engagements as our own merchants and bankers. On the other hand, we have repudiation of debts existing prior to 1917, not only intergovernmental but to at least thirty thousand British creditors. It is obvious that until these claims have been satisfied the defaulting debtor cannot claim that good faith without which the gate to our money market will rightly remain closed to him. In dealing with a debtor the business man takes several factors into consideration—the circumstances and motives which led to the default, the ability to pay and the willingness to pay. He would also take into account the possibilities and value of future business. Before I proceed to deal with these possibilities in Russia, I will pause to say a word as to the circumstances which led to default, not because they offer the slightest excuse for persistent non-payment, but because perhaps, if broadly viewed, they may mitigate to some extent the feeling of bitter resentment which naturally follows an act of spoliation.

It is difficult for us in England to imagine the delirium and chaos which prevailed in Russia at the moment of the Revolution. The vast ramshackle State, without capable and organized leaders, with an irresponsible and parasitical aristocracy, a merely money-grubbing bourgeoisie, and a so-called intelligentsia, influenced by neurotic, ineffectual visionaries, helpless as ever in action against the violent

extremist, simply fell to pieces before the elemental volcanic forces unloosed by the war. These had been surging for centuries in the great peasant mass of Russia, held down only by the mighty power of the Tsars. The exhaustion produced by the enormous cost in money, material, and life of the war, the utter demoralization, the absence of either a cohesive nationalist spirit or a strong ruling class, left the State helpless against the rush of the peasantry to satisfy their age-long hunger to seize the land. The sudden introduction by Germany of a trainload of revolutionaries completed the debacle. These last had, of course, but one object—to destroy utterly the old regime and realize their ambition of establishing an anti-capitalist State. The peasantry, constituting 85 per cent. of the population, were too little politically minded and too much engrossed in their scramble for the land to concern themselves with any remote questions of high politics and international relations. These were left to the small group of revolutionary and mostly alien adventurers who had seized the reins. While many of these had no morals at all, some, on the other hand, were idealists to whom anti-capitalism was a religion, and who had proved their faith by suffering and sacrifice. If anyone doubts this, I would quote as one example Mr. Piatakov, the present Governor of the State Bank. Mr. Piatakov is a highly educated gentleman who, once possessed of a large fortune, voluntarily renounced it to the revolutionary cause years before the war, thus beyond all doubt proving his sincerity. He now devotes his life to the service of the State for a pittance, and no one could suggest that he has any less punctilious view of his responsibility than the Governors of the Bank of England or the Bank of France. The events of the Revolution and the Civil War, the nationalization of industries, the bloodshed, the famines, the blockades, the mad attempts to light the fires of revolt all over the world are well known. I need not dwell upon the continual struggle between the peasants and the town workers, resulting alternately in ruthless coercion of the former and semi-starvation of the latter; nor the disastrous experiments in one economic policy after another. It is obvious that they could only still further impoverish an already stricken

country. They undoubtedly provided an atmosphere more favourable to wild revolutionary theories than to economic progress. But, like a fever, it was inevitable that they should run their course, and it could safely be predicted that a patient of such tough constitution would survive. I have no hesitation in expressing the view, endorsed I believe by the majority of the Delegates representing British firms with whom I recently visited Russia, that whilst it would be foolish to pretend that Russia is restored to health, the worst is over. As the first sign of convalescence is a returning interest in normal food, so it is evident in Russia that the natural desire of the population to satisfy its ordinary human wants is asserting itself as the prime purpose of the national policy.

The pen of prejudice dipped in the ink of ignorance has drawn a very distorted picture of present-day Russia. Most of us have read of pinched and starving children, clothed in rags too tattered to keep out the cold. The truth is that nowhere are to be seen fatter, healthier, jollier little children, and I did not see one not warmly enough clad. Extraordinary care is taken of women before and after childbirth.

Another illusion is that of unbridled immorality. Nowhere, probably, is there less. Even the much talked of easy divorce is so heavily penalized by substantial and inexorable alimony for wife and children that a man who indulged more than once would probably find his income a minus quantity.

Yet another illusion is that of almost universal illiteracy. The percentage of the young generation receiving education is higher than before the war and great headway has been made with what is called "liquidation of illiteracy" amongst adults. Amongst the industrial workers illiteracy has already been largely eliminated.

Order, which is the first condition of progress, has now existed for several years. 85 per cent. of the population, as I have said, are peasants who are at least able to maintain themselves on the land. As regards the quality and quantity of their food consumption, there is reason to believe they are actually living better

than before the war. They have, however, a very real grievance—the scarcity and high price of manufactured commodities. Until this is remedied neither coercion nor persuasion will induce them to produce the desired surplus. No one need doubt, however, that they would quickly do so if they were assured of the power to purchase the things they want of sound quality and at fair prices. It is absurd, therefore, to represent Russia as in a hopeless state of ruin. I think I may say that, without exception, those members of the Industrial Mission who knew Russia were greatly impressed by the development of the means of production achieved in the last few years. In some items it is undoubtedly higher than before the war. Very great further developments are planned to be realized during the next five years. Difference of opinion certainly exists as to whether, having regard to the scarcity of capital and technical skill, this rate of increase is not too rapid, and it is certain that production costs are unduly high. In the absence of competition an excessive cost in a particular industry will not, of course, bring about the result inevitable in a country where competition has free play. It results only in a higher price to the consumer. As the proportion of industrial workers to peasants is less than 5 millions to more than 125 millions, the relative prosperity of the former is gained largely at the expense of the latter.

The salvation of Russia, the establishment of a sound economic basis, without which profitable, safe and permanent trade will be impossible, will depend upon the solution of this problem. It need involve no sacrifice of the industrial worker, but it must be based upon the satisfaction and increased production of the peasantry. I do not believe that such a solution can be found without the help of outside finance and industry, and I hope it will be British.

But it would be a mistake to suppose that no effort is being made to reduce costs. On the contrary, with this object in view, every State industrial trust has been organized as a separate capital unit, subject to severe scrutiny of its balance sheet, in comparison with other similar trusts in the several States constituting the Union of Soviet Republics. The majority of the operatives are

paid by piece-work, and premiums are given to the responsible directors in respect of increased profits and reduced costs. Every factory exhibits graphs and charts stimulating increased effort on the part of the workers. A real spirit of emulation has thus been created. Weekly lectures and debates imbue them with an almost religious enthusiasm in the cause of increased production for the sake of the community. A strong nationalist spirit has been created to a degree which no one who knew pre-war Russia would have thought possible. In a large number of factories, clubs and canteens, where excellent food is supplied under pleasant and sanitary conditions, have already been established, and this is a definite policy which is being systematically carried out all over Russia.

The problem of housing the workers is being boldly tackled. I have seen both colonies of houses on the Garden City plan and tenement dwellings equal to the best we could show in England. I, and many members of our Mission, have seen also large numbers of workers, obviously well fed, apparently contented, interested in their work, and reasonably well clothed. The usual suggestion that we were only shown picked samples would be dismissed by all of us as absurd.

There can be no question that while luxuries are barred—necessarily so, indeed, in an impoverished country struggling to get on its feet—the wants of the population as a whole are greater than they were before the war. I have predicted, and I am confirmed in my belief, that the industrial development of Russia will progress at a far greater rate than ever was contemplated under the old regime. If the economic foundation is sound, the purchasing power of the population will correspondingly expand. Meanwhile, there is a vast leeway to make up which requires credit. Here then, beyond doubt, is the market for British goods, which I have ventured to describe as the largest and most profitable immediately available to our industry.

Trade and industry, apart from individual concessions, being almost wholly in the hands of the State, it is natural that they should be planned on a broader scale with a longer perspective than in other countries. The planning is, therefore, made in the closest co-operation

with the State Bank, without whose sanction, indeed, no liability may be incurred by any of the State trading departments.

All State finance is calculated upon the basis of a margin of 20 per cent. exports over imports. Thus is explained the system of the five-year plan, under which schemes of development calculated to be realized within and financed for five years ahead, are undertaken. Since these deal with the requirements of 150,000,000 people over such a vast area, and for five years, they naturally assume very large proportions. So much so, indeed, that they have been foolishly referred to by those critics who indulge in the assurance of complete ignorance as "astronomical" and "phantom." Some of these schemes may prove to be extravagant and unnecessary. It does not appear to me conceivable that they can be fully realized without the aid of foreign capital, but anyone who has seen what has already been accomplished will not dare to treat them with ridicule.

Within a few days a report upon the results of the Mission to Russia which I had the honour of leading, will be in the hands of the Government, and an epitome of the industrial possibilities it will reveal will, doubtless, be available to anyone who is interested. It will contain a brief outline of the various requirements of Russia during the next five years, which might be supplied by British industry, amounting to £200,000,000, prepared for my Committee by the Governor of the State Bank.

I hope it will be judged by purely economic and commonsense considerations, without prejudice, and especially party political prejudice.

A large part of our industries are languishing, many are working only at such percentage of their capacity as is perilously near the border-line of loss. In many cases, orders are accepted at cut prices in severe competition with foreigners, merely to keep the works going. We have a great mass of unemployed, we have lately been threatened with sensational relief measures of enormous capital expenditure upon unwanted roads, which would leave behind it a legacy of heavy interest charges, costs of upkeep, and no measurable return to cover these. Further, on their completion, while the

floating capital available for industry would have been by so much reduced, it is obvious that such artificially created work must come to an end. There exists in Russia a market for a wide variety of goods infinitely better calculated to cover numerous branches of industry. The only conditions under which we can secure that market would in two respects at least be ideal, in that they would ensure large and continuing orders at reasonably remunerative prices. But however certain may be Russia's ultimate ability to pay when her resources have been developed and her industrial economy improved, it is impossible for her to pay within usual terms of credit. She is practically without capital, and has been attempting the almost impossible task of creating a vast capital equipment out of a precarious margin of revenue. Hence the demand for inordinate credits of five years and even more. Those who jump to the conclusion that this is proof of insolvency should remember that no British municipality could provide a public utility such as water-works or a power station except by means of a loan repayable over a long period. As, moreover, all expenditure, whether upon hydro-electric stations or Aberdeen herrings, is lumped into one budget, it is obvious that those responsible for meeting payments must press for credit equally in the case of quickly consumable goods and of capital equipment.

We see, therefore, that the peculiar circumstances of Russia have produced an economic condition which is not merely exceedingly difficult for our manufacturers to meet, but of which they are naturally suspicious. It presents, indeed, a problem which belongs not to industry, but to finance. Five-year credits are practically unknown to our manufacturers. But they are also in many cases really inadequate for Russia. The only solution is that which has been adopted elsewhere, namely, the provision of capital in the form of loan and investment in enterprise. For fifteen years the flow of capital into Russia has ceased. During that period there has been an enormous destruction and flight of capital, followed recently by great efforts to reconstruct and increase the means of industrial production. Some of this effort has doubtless been misdirected and extravagant. Much of it is still

incomplete. Many hard lessons have had to be learned by experience. It is impossible, however, not to be impressed by the courage and the energy which have already faced problems on a scale never conceived in any other country.

*Prima facie*, therefore, there seems a clear case for capital aid to a country which is in desperate need of it and should certainly be able to yield a profitable return. If British finance can find a safe way to furnish that aid, British industry will secure a large share in the Russian market.

What then are the essential conditions?

As I have said, there can be no question as to the natural resources and the industry of the population. In relation to these the internal debt is negligible. We know that there is no inclination to incur liabilities, however long dated, beyond the calculated means to meet them. We know that in a country where graft in every form was once unashamedly rampant, it has now been eliminated, notwithstanding the fact that the great mass of responsible officials throughout Russia receive less pay than a country postmaster in England. We know that in the short time that has elapsed since conditions began to settle down, the Savings Banks' deposits have been rapidly growing. Here, surely, are good grounds for credit. If, indeed, Russia's needs could be met by merely doubling the usual term of commercial credit to, say, one or two years at most, she would certainly get all she wants. But there is a just and unalterable rule which bars access to the money market for loans to wilful defaulters, and there are thirty thousand British creditors of Russia, owners of bonds, shares, and property, as well as commercial creditors, whose claims have not merely been ignored but, in the first mad moments of revolution, were definitely repudiated. I am satisfied that there are great numbers of people in Russia who deeply regret that this was ever done, and I know that tentative efforts have been made from time to time to approach the question of settlement, notably by the late Mr. Krassin. These advances I believe to have been sincere, but they were not very helpfully met. Unfortunately,

the economic situation in Russia is one that needs financial help, irrespective altogether of the liquidation of old debts. If there were no ground for resentment and political prejudice, there is not the least doubt that the whole question would have been settled years ago. Unfortunately, the mention of loans, coincident with settlement, necessarily deferred, is an easy target for ridicule, though I would venture a guess that those who have paraded the most wrathful indignation are not themselves actual creditors of Russia.

Repudiated debts and confiscation of property are the real obstacle in the way of economic co-operation with Russia of enormous mutual benefit, and blind prejudice has hitherto prevented a settlement. I do not, of course, overlook another matter to which many people in this country attach even greater importance, namely, hostile propaganda. With regard to that it is obvious that it would automatically be barred in any treaty. It is a purely diplomatic question upon which no unofficial person can speak with authority. Both from the Russian Ambassador in Paris and Mr. Litvinov in Moscow, however, I obtained assurances which satisfied me at least that the British Government need have no difficulty in securing a satisfactory treaty undertaking in regard to propaganda. As to whether it would be honoured, I would say first that the Russian Government and the Third International are not so completely one and the same as is often represented. One can easily conceive a British Labour Government refusing to be held responsible for a resolution of the I.L.P. The Third International is an organization with funds of its own and a membership drawn from all countries of the world, including England.

Secondly, I venture to suggest that if the powers of our Home Secretary and police are not strong enough to deal with imported sedition, they should be made stronger, and ruthlessly enforced. In India, I imagine, the existing powers are ample. But we have hitherto refused to avail ourselves of by far the strongest weapon against hostile propaganda, namely, self-interest. There are, undoubtedly, some madmen in Russia, as elsewhere (but they are more vocal in Russia), who will go on

screaming about world revolution and the destruction of the capitalist system. I formed the impression, however, as, I believe, did most of our delegation, that they are only making a sort of smoke screen behind which the men who are really running the country are quietly building up a vast productive organization whether directly State-controlled or by means of the innumerable co-operatives. I am firmly persuaded that the mass of the population are utterly indifferent to world revolution and strikes in foreign countries. They are concerned with their own material interests, and by far the greater part of the Government and bureaucracy is similarly concerned in providing their material wants. I am further convinced that neither the people themselves nor the officials would tolerate the sacrifice of the substance for the shadow, as would inevitably result from persistent hostility toward any country that was giving substantial financial help. This element of self-interest, which most business men will agree is the strongest form of security, has never yet been brought into play. I believe that never was the time more propitious. Order has been produced out of chaos, much of the revolutionary intoxication has evaporated, the people and the Government are getting down to the more prosaic business of supplying their wants. They know as well as we do that they must pay for them and keep their engagements, or go without.

I have complete confidence, therefore, in the sincerity of the assurance given to my Committee by the President of the State Bank, on behalf of his Government, that they would be prepared, as I had suggested, to negotiate the whole question of the economic relations between the two countries, including the liquidation of all claims of British nationals, with a Commission appointed by the British Government. I am confident that an independent Commission of men of the character and expert knowledge required, removed from political or partisan influence, could easily be found in this country to investigate and advise upon the whole question, and would be able to arrive at just, sound, and practicable conclusions acceptable to all parties. If it was necessary to make loans to Germany and other States to help them

on their feet after the war and to ensure even the gradual payment of their debts, still more does the economic condition of Russia need outside help. But we know so little of Russia, of her new and colossal experiment in State capitalism, that finance will certainly not embark upon large capital investment without close investigation. Such a Commission, therefore, as I had in mind, and which the Soviet Government has said it will welcome, would be charged with the double responsibility of adjudicating upon the claims of British creditors and reporting upon the economic position and possibilities of Russia. Until such trustworthy and authoritative information is available, any substantial investment of capital in Russia will be withheld. Little or none, indeed, would be made unless upon very onerous terms.

Many of the figures quoted as indicating Russia's imports, although correct, convey a quite false impression as to the volume and real value of the goods. They include, perhaps, five years' interest at a stiff rate, plus a substantial consideration for the risk and inconvenience. Add to this the undoubtedly increased cost of distribution by the State, and the high prices to the public are explained. If a sound basis of trade is to be established under which British industry can benefit by the full purchasing power of the Russian people, conditions, which in some cases result in doubling the normal price of goods, must be eased.

Probably no aspect of this question has been more obscured by prejudice and ignorance than that of the diplomatic recognition of Russia.

The statement is constantly repeated that trade is entirely independent of diplomatic recognition. That may be true of " barter on the beach," but every banker or trust company director would contradict it where the investment of capital, long credits and mutual contractual obligations are concerned. These obviously require the protection of legal status. Diplomatic relations are, therefore, indispensable to any considerable development of economic relations. But I have always insisted that they should be conditional upon an undertaking both to compensate British nationals for their claims prior to 1917, and to cease hostile propaganda.

As I have said, we asked for and obtained assurances in both respects.

America is cited as an example of increasing trade in the absence of diplomatic relations. It is true that the volume of American trade with Russia has lately shown a remarkable increase, but it has been subject to extended commercial credits. There have been no loans and practically no investment. Moreover, having regard to the size of the two countries, the total is really small, the more so if it is reduced to competitive cash values. America has been exceedingly active in seeking openings for trade in Russia. She has a superabundance of credit, and instead of the series of unfortunate episodes which accompanied our resumption and subsequent rupture of diplomatic relations with Russia, American contact with the Russian people since the war had been virtually confined to a great work of charity, the organization of famine relief following the revolution and civil war.

Thus intercourse is entirely free from the feeling of half shame and half fear which has powerfully restrained British enterprise from activity in Russia.

I venture to predict, however, that it will not be long before America accords diplomatic recognition to Russia. Canada also will probably do so. Should that event happen before British Industry and Finance awake to the realities of the situation, they will be left rubbing their eyes, while not only America, but Germany, are picking all the plums. For both Germany and America have lately been making comprehensive technical surveys of the needs of Russia in friendly co-operation with the Russian authorities, and the official bar to loans and investment once removed, it is certain that the capital and technical resources of America and Germany —already more closely connected than is either with British—would quickly join forces to consolidate the domination of the Russian market, which between them they may already almost claim to hold.

But although diplomatic recognition is an indispensable condition of economic co-operation, the others I have named are equally indispensable. An agreement to liquidate old scores and an expert examination of the economic position and prospects of Russia must precede

financial help on the substantial scale which alone can be effective. This is a problem beyond the powers of individual industrialists to solve. It calls for the united will and resources of British industry and British finance.

In co-operation there is no doubt they can secure the largest share in the largest undeveloped market in the world. I do not, and have never, advocated a Government loan to Russia or the use of Government credit in any form. If normal relations are re-established, it may be that export credits, if granted elsewhere, must logically be extended to Russia. But in my view, which may be old-fashioned, the City of London and the bankers and investment trusts of England are the best judges of how our national resources of credit should be employed with safety and to the greatest advantage.

If the risk is not good enough for them, it is not good enough for the tax-payer.

I have necessarily had to scamp or to skip many aspects of the subject which it is impossible to deal with in a few words, but I would ask to be allowed to make one personal statement, not for the purpose of introducing political prejudice, but, on the contrary, to exclude it.

Hitherto, most advocates of rapprochement with Russia who were not themselves actual traders, have been more or less admirers of the political system in force there. As a Conservative, I pretend to no admiration of that system. I am satisfied, however, that a basis of economic co-operation can be found to our great mutual benefit, and I believe that we have no concern with the internal affairs of the Russian people further than as they affect our security for credit given.

I am not a creditor of Russia, nor have I any business interests there, but I have been deeply interested in that country ever since I first visited it in 1909. I then discussed his great plans for agrarian reform, otherwise the creation of peasant proprietors, with the Prime Minister, Stolypine. He was soon afterwards murdered, not, as commonly supposed here, by the revolutionary anarchists, but at the instigation of the landlords whom he was proposing to dispossess, with compensation, of course, as by our Irish Land Acts. Had he lived, and

had the war not cut short his work in its earliest stage, there would either have been no revolution or it would have taken a much milder form.

History proves that Russia and England are mutually indispensable. Always when they were apart, they have found it necessary to come together. Had they not done so again in 1906 in conditions of greater difficulty than exist today, we should have lost the war. And little as we may like their present political system, let us not forget that fighting as our allies Russians made the greatest sacrifice of life. Also that the Brest-Litovsk Treaty was simply the result of incredible bungling on our part. The Bolsheviks had made their first offer to us. They have now made another proposal to British industry which I sincerely believe offers to many of its branches the most immediate chance of relief. It may safely be assumed that our Government will place no obstacles in the way of exploring the possibilities to the full. If they are to be realized, however, industry and finance must pull together; their decisions must be conclusive, confidence must be established. In order to help effectively in this work, the small Anglo-Russian Committee which I formed to organize the recent mission to Moscow is being enlarged so as to be truly representative of all sections of industry. It will be able to speak on behalf of an Anglo-Russian Association of which I hope all firms interested in the Russian market will become members.

If its aims are realized, it will not only have served British industry but will have helped to remove one of the greatest dangers to the peace of the world.

# Britain and Russia, 1907 & 1929: A Comparison

By Charles Tower

WITH the advent of a Socialist Government in office if not strictly speaking in "power," the restoration of diplomatic relations with Russia has become inevitable. It is necessary to reckon with the fact, whatever view may be taken of its desirability. British relations with Russia are so commonly regarded, not unnaturally, today from the point of view of the potential Russian market for British industrial exports that the political aspect is in some danger of being overlooked. But a great opportunity will have been missed and the industrial object will eventually have been poorly served, if indeed it proves to have been served at all, unless the new Government understand that the political issues must be thoroughly cleared up, if British goods are to find a satisfactory outlet into Soviet Russia. A tolerable politic relationship is a *sine qua non* of financial and commercial rapprochement. "Soft Sawder" will not serve Mr. MacDonald's purpose. Russia will come to terms, if the terms are profitable to herself. And the Soviet Government, we may be sure, will keep their undertakings and abide by their agreements so long as it pays them to do so. They recognize, however reluctantly, the value of the "bourgeois" virtues of commercial honesty and reliability in a world with whose assistance they cannot dispense. It is perhaps not too critical to suggest that for political morality they have less use, unless discovered disloyalty brings material disadvantages.

There is, however, a corollary to this, namely, that the terms which it will be possible to make with the Soviet Government will depend upon the extent to which Britain can give them something that they require and are not likely to obtain without her. It is most earnestly to be hoped that in his forthcoming dealings with Russia Mr. MacDonald will not as before have thrown away his trump cards before the negotiations begin. It is tempting, and not altogether valueless, at this juncture to look back upon the famous negotiations so successfully

conducted by the late Lord Carnock, better known to the diplomacy of his day as Sir Arthur Nicolson, which culminated in the Middle Eastern Agreements of August 1907.

Appropriately enough, there has just appeared Volume 4 of the British Official Documents on the Origins of the War dealing with this very achievement, which King Edward called "a great triumph for British Diplomacy." Much as circumstances have changed, and different as are the conditions in which any new agreement would have to be secured, it is by no means the case that there is nothing to be learned from this fascinating record. In 1906, it is true, the main purpose to be served was so clearly political that nobody could be confused on the point. Also what Russia and Britain had respectively to gain was plain to both and, indeed, could be no secret to anybody. Nor was there any real doubt as to what each had to give politically.

Today the issues in these respects may not be so apparent to everybody, though now, as then, it may be supposed that any agreement which should make it worth while for Russia to cease for a longish period that aggressive menace to India which the Soviet Government inherited from Tsardom might still properly be regarded as "a great triumph for British diplomacy." Close comparison is out of the question, for it is very doubtful whether post-war mentality would approve the terms of the Persian convention of August 31, 1907, even if conditions allowed of it today. But what the early future should show is whether it is beyond the power of diplomatists to work out an agreement capable of giving some protection to certain vital British interests, while subserving some national Russian interests. For Soviet Internationalism, when its real purposes are examined, appears simply as old Russian nationalism "writ large."

Let us, accordingly, look at the situation as it presented itself twenty-three years ago, when Nicolson was transferred from Madrid to St. Petersburg. The antagonism not only between the two Governments but also between the two peoples had grown acute and it was a matter of touch and go whether war broke out as the result of the Dogger Bank incident of October, 21, 1904. At the time Russia was fighting in the Far East a war

with Japan which had lost any popularity it ever possessed. Suspicions, which German activity did nothing to allay, were rife in Russia as to secret British assistance to Japan, and there is no reasonable doubt that, when the Russian Baltic Fleet set sail for the Far East, its Admiral or some of his advisers were really nervous of attacks by Japanese destroyers which were supposed to have been given the support of nominally "neutral" harbours. In an access of panic the major portion of the Russian Fleet opened fire at night on Hull fishing vessels trawling in the North Sea. "A most dastardly outrage," commented King Edward under the dispatch from the representatives in Hull of the Gamecock fishing fleet. Public excitement rose to fever pitch. "I want to hear less of representations at St. Petersburg and more of orders to the Channel Fleet,', commented a Labour leader of the day, and those orders were not long delayed. The Mediterranean Fleet, the Channel Fleet, and the Home Fleet received urgent orders to intercept the Russian fleet, if they attempted to leave Vigo. They were to "stop the Baltic Fleet, by persuasion if possible, by force if necessary." Lord Lansdowne warned the Russian Ambassador that "we may find ourselves at war before the week is over."

But if public feeling was thus boiling over in England, the Russian public was hardly more averse to a war with Britain. Sir Charles Hardinge, telegraphing on November 7 from St. Petersburg, declared that the Russian reactionaries, headed by the Grand Dukes Serge and Alexander Michailovitch, would "probably welcome a popular war with England as a means of distracting public attention" from domestic discontents. British aims and policy had been so constantly misrepresented that Britain was widely regarded as the real enemy who must be fought. Sir Charles Hardinge remarked that, if such a war broke out, a peace with Japan would be patched up, and "so free the Russian army to concentrate its entire energy and forces in a determined attack on India." I have summarized the situation as it presented itself at the end of 1904, because, *mutatis mutandis*, there is at least some possibility of comparison with the situation presenting itself today.

British aims have been constantly misrepresented for

the last five years and longer by the Soviet Press and by Soviet speakers, and that with a thoroughness, thanks to the control of the Press, which even the Russian censorship of 1904 could not parallel. There are domestic discontents enough and to spare to make the " reactionaries " of Soviet Russia—perhaps if we were to call them the Third International it would not be too misleading—welcome diversions. Nationalism, it should be insisted, has been fostered to the utmost by the campaign carried on in Russia by Soviet authorities such as the War Commissary.

The point which I wish to make is that the situation today, bad as it is, cannot appear very much worse than it did when Nicolson was sent to St. Petersburg. Moreover, he went when German influence, inimical to Britain and keenly desirous of preventing an Anglo-Russian agreement, was strongly marked, and was necessarily assisted by the Anglo-Japanese Agreement of August 12, 1905. " Germany is certain to act against us—behind our back," commented King Edward on the margin of a dispatch from Paris. A Foreign Office Memorandum on policy in Persia, of October 31, 1905, reads : " Russia has spared no expense in order to secure her own preponderance or, when the opportunity has presented itself, for the simple purpose of obstructing British commerce and influence." Then, as now, many people believed that the attempt to reach an agreement with Russia would fail because of the German influence; but then also, as now, there were those who declared that, if it were merely the German influence we were worrying about, we need not disturb ourselves on Russia's account.

Sir Arthur Nicolson's commentary on the latter argument in his Annual Report for Russia, dated January 2, 1907, is not without its uses for present consideration. " I should be inclined to state," he writes, " that German influence is today predominant both at Court and in Government circles. . . . I am frequently told that Germans, though feared, are not popular in Russia. I venture to think that it is exceedingly difficult to appraise national likes and dislikes or to assert that they are abiding sentiments. To my mind, for practical purposes they do not form a dominating factor in determining political alliances or

international combinations. . . . I should also state that the maintenance and extension of German influence are more directly and skilfully managed here than I have observed to be the case in other countries. . . . A suave conciliatory attitude and a gentle solicitude. . . ."

I quote this passage at length because, since I wrote an article in this REVIEW in February of last year dealing with the subject of German economic interest in Russia and Germany's determination sooner or later to dominate the Russian market, I have been told by a number of people that such German domination is impossible, because Germans are unpopular in Russia. Logically, if that were so, we could presumably regard the United States as our only serious competitors in the Russian market, and need not fear the antagonistic—or, if the word be preferred, competitive—influence of Germany at Moscow. I did not then, and do not now, believe that this argument is sound. If in 1906 Germany sought to prevent an Anglo-Russian rapprochement on political grounds, I feel sure that she desires it today just as little, though doubtless on economic grounds. Nor do Germans, when they get the chance, fail to make such publicistic use as they can of suggestions likely to render British action suspect in Russia. It was " some person unknown " who forged and gave to the Turkish Ambassador a supposed secret clause in the Anglo-Japanese agreement of 1905 which, on being received in St. Petersburg, was promptly interpreted as having a direct point against Russia. But it is not " some person unknown " who has just provided the representative of an American newspaper in Berlin with a story of British Anti-Soviet intrigues on the borders of Afghanistan. On the contrary, it is a German business man who escaped out of the country after the fall of Amanullah.

One need not attribute any but " business " motives today to German activity in Russia, Persia or elsewhere in the Middle East, but it is a mistake to underestimate it or to suppose that it will fail of its reward on account of periodical hitches, such as the Donetz Basin trial, or because generally Germans in Russia are not " popular." Their patience is worthy of all admiration, and their persistence economically is as notable as it once was politically.

"The direct object of a settlement between Russia and ourselves," wrote Sir Edward Grey, then Foreign Secretary, in a dispatch of March 7, 1907, "is to secure the Indian Frontier, but there is also an indirect object, namely, to be on good terms with Russia." If one might venture to interpret Mr. MacDonald's sentiments today on similar lines, he might perhaps write that, while the indirect object of a settlement with Russia politically ought to be to secure in some measure the Indian frontier and to secure discouragement, at any rate for a season, of Soviet intrigues against British interests in Asia, the direct and immediate object is to be on good business terms with her. Success was possible with Russia in 1907 much less, if at all, on account of her distrust of Germany than for other reasons. "Russia," commented Sir Edward Grey on a dispatch of Sir Arthur Nicolson, "needs a period of recuperation, and for this it is necessary for her to be on as good terms as possible with everybody . . . she wants to secure it with Germany by a conciliatory policy." What the Russian Government of 1907, after the Japanese fiasco, urgently needed was in the first place political prestige, and that an agreement with Britain could give her.

I am not qualified to appraise the extent to which political prestige might still be available and valuable to the Russian Government, and might accrue from reaching an agreement acceptable to this country, though it seems probable that even on this ground we have something to bargain with, if Mr. MacDonald does not give it away without any return. But chiefly, no doubt, the Soviet Government needs today economic prestige. It seems to be at least possible that she needs this from the London market even more than she needs actual loans, since her representatives evidently believe that the loans would come in point of fact largely from the United States, though probably via London. Politically the Britain of 1907 could give by an agreement a much greater prestige than can the Britain of today. I do not see the use of blinding ourselves to that fact. But it is also true that, whatever else may have been the consequences of the fiscal policy of the last five years, at least the London market has recovered a position in which it can give or withhold an economic prestige not

less than the political prestige which was in our gift when Nicolson went to St. Petersburg.

Circumstances have very much changed. The methods of Russian intrigue are other than they were, and they are—let it be admitted—in some respects more skilful. It is even possible that a modern diplomatist could no longer write, as did Nicolson in 1907, that "the real question to examine is whether the rivalry and divergence which have hitherto been conspicuous in every international question of special interest to the two Powers are giving place to a sincere desire to arrive at a fair and amicable understanding." A "sincere desire" for an amicable understanding, on its own account, may be too much to ask of Moscow, just as it would no doubt be completely useless to invite such a Russian declaration of *désintéressement* in Afghanistan as was contained in the August agreement. The Soviet Government cannot, presumably, so formally abandon the camouflage of international Communism behind which Russian national aims are today pursued. To do so would, or might, be to commit suicide. But if the pretence remains, the reality might be modified to our advantage. Very much more politically Mr. MacDonald may be unable to achieve, and it will be sensible to view results accordingly. But he has good cards to play, even if they are not such as were dealt to Nicolson. And there is one considerable factor in his favour. The Soviet Government have nothing any longer to gain by delay, as their anxiety for immediate British action amply demonstrates. While a Conservative Government was in power they could always hope, and doubtless did, that a more amenable Socialist Government would follow, so that delay might be in their favour. That very change in their position should encourage Mr. MacDonald to play his hand carefully, and to avoid the unnecessary precipitancy which is being pressed upon him by Liberal humanitarians, advocates of "Doing something for those poor Russians," and his own left wing. He has a hand to play in the interests of Britain, politically and economically. There are no other considerations by which his diplomacy will or should be judged.

# British Airships: Some Facts

By "Ensign"

In the May issue of The English Review a renewed attack on airships in general, the R100 and R101 in particular, was made, and it is proposed to go through the article and answer it more or less point by point.

Early in the article the author states that sixty-one Zeppelins were built for the German Navy and that only ten remained at the end of the war. Fourteen actually remained, however. It is not surprising that casualties were high, for owing to the conditions under which they were built there was very little chance of proper research being carried out, and owing to the Navy's urgent need, ships had to be flown with practically untrained crews. Added to this very little meteorological information was obtainable by the Germans, and the ships often had to make westward flights under uncertain weather conditions. Flights were thus made in bad weather, and while few ships were lost on their legitimate task of oversea patrol, a good number came to grief while carrying out offensive operations which, although of a spectacular nature and of undoubted military value, were really the least important part of the work carried out by the German Naval Airship Service. It should not be forgotten, too, that a number of the ships were deliberately broken up when they became obsolescent to make room for newer types, for, owing to the shortage of steel it was impossible to build innumerable airship sheds.

According to Poseidon, fifteen great airships have been designed, and for the most part built, since the war, in this country. How he gets at this figure is not clear, for actually only two ships (R100—R101) have been designed and built since the war, all the others having been begun and some finished before the war was over.

He is quite right when he says that a number of these ships, to wit, R35, 37, and 39, were never finished, but this was due entirely to the necessity for strict economy, and vacillations in airship policy.

This last has been the greatest bugbear that airship people in this country have had to put up with, and except for brief periods there has been no settled policy, which has naturally hindered development.

To begin with, in 1909 it was decided that the Navy should undertake the construction of rigid airships while

the Army should have a few non-rigids; the latter service constructed and flew several small airships which by the summer of 1913 were beginning to prove of a certain value, always allowing, of course, for their small size. In any case, by the autumn of 1913 these airships had proved of value on manœuvres, and the two airships "Delta" and "Eta," although fatally handicapped by their absurd dimensions and unreliable machinery, had yet proved to be faster than any ships afloat at that time, with the exception of the very latest Zeppelins, while their manœuvring qualities were excellent. At the same time, the personnel of No. 1 Squadron R.F.C., which handled the airships, was daily gaining in experience. Then came a change of policy and the squadron was handed over practically *en bloc* to the Navy.

Meanwhile, as everyone knows, Naval airship No. 1 came to grief before it flew owing to structural weakness. This failure was mainly the result of trying to run before we walked, for the airship was bigger than any airship then constructed, and was designed and built by people with no previous experience. As it was, the ship was moored out in half a gale, and suffered no damage. Unfortunately, her weight came out more than was expected, and her keel was taken away to remedy matters. Practically nothing was then known about the stresses an airship hull was subjected to, and she naturally collapsed —fortunately on the water. Those concerned, however, had gained valuable experience in design and construction and in the handling of airships on the water, and if a second ship had been built, this experience would have been of the greatest value. Instead of going ahead, the anti-airship party had its way and all this experience was wasted, for the Naval airship section was promptly disbanded, only to be re-formed again a few months later. A tiny airship was used as a school airship and the Naval officers were taught to fly by the Army airship pilots. During the summer of 1913 a better time dawned, for quite a progressive policy was inaugurated and two efficient ships were bought from France and Germany, and in January 1914 the Army airships were added.

Lack of funds, however, again prevented much work from being done and the airships still had no real friends at headquarters, with the result that in spite of good work done in the early days of the war, in February 1915, it

was practically decided to reduce the Airship Service to a nonentity. Then came the German U-boats, which proved one of the best friends the airships ever had, for from then onwards until the end of hostilities there was a steady demand for airships which won a recognized place in the forces of the Crown by sheer good work and in spite of much opposition. The airship proved to be one of the best weapons against the submarine, and by the summer of 1917 airships of various types were patrolling the narrow seas in all weathers, and escorting convoys far out in the North Sea and Atlantic. Food and troop ships were regularly escorted, and it is a fact that there was hardly a case of a ship being attacked when under convoy by airship.

Seaplanes, too, did splendid service, but the airship, owing to its ability to keep station with the convoy it was escorting and its larger range of action, proved of even greater value.

Unfortunately, owing to lack of foresight, there were no large rigids capable of scouting for the Grand Fleet, which was thus blind, while the German Fleet knew exactly what we were up to by reason of their Zeppelins, and Jutland would have been a very different story if the British Commander-in-Chief had had rigids with him.

Naturally, the airships had to be cut down after the war for reasons of economy, and attempts were made to start a commercial airship company, but the time was not ripe, and as it was impossible to handle large airships on the ground in any high wind, it was seen that this disability would make it almost impossible to run a regular airship service with large airships except in certain localities.

The airship people, however, stated that it would be possible to get over this disability by the use of a mooring mast, and in the summer of 1921 they proved their case, for the R33 and R36 carried out in the course of about six months over 150 flights to and from the mast at Pulham under varying degrees of weather. It was also proved that running repairs could be carried out whilst the ship was moored, for on different occasions a gas-bag was changed and also an engine and a propeller, besides girder repairs in the hull. It is not claimed that she was able to land to the mast in a gale of wind, any more than a surface ship could get into an exposed harbour under the same conditions, but on one of her last flights she

landed in a wind which was gusting up to the region of forty miles an hour, with a ground crew of only a dozen men, which was a notable advance on anything done before, and no one can expect that all difficulties could have been overcome in such a short time. To an unbiassed observer it was obvious that great progress had been made, for until the advent of a mooring mast it would have been impossible for an airship of the size of R33 to have got into the air at all in such weather, let alone to carry Cabinet Ministers as passengers on such an occasion. Incidentally, it was believed at the time that the only aircraft that flew on that day in the United Kingdom was the R33, owing to the bad weather conditions.

In spite of the success of these experiments the anti-airship party had their way and all airship work was abandoned until the advent of Sir Samuel Hoare as Air Minister and the reopening of the whole question in 1923. During this period practically all the personnel was scattered to the four winds and valuable material allowed to deteriorate, and yet in spite of all these previous changes in policy there are people who would like to see all work again stopped on airships!

Mention is next made of various ships by name. The R31, although of a new type, proved to be the fastest ship built up to that date in this country, for she attained a speed of over seventy miles an hour on her trials. Her fin certainly collapsed, but was strengthened and afterwards she landed at Howden on her way to her base, East Fortune. Unfortunately, there was only one shed big enough to take her at the former station and this was still under repair from the effects of a fire which had destroyed part of the roof, the work being held up by shortage of steel and labour.

During the autumn of 1918 very bad weather was experienced and the shed leaked, with the result that the ship, which was built of wood, deteriorated, and it was considered unwise to fly her again. About a year later her sister, R32, appeared and proved highly successful, doing a great deal of flying. She was broken up in 1921 when the Airship Service was about to be closed down.

The R33 was lauched in March 1919, and until August 1921 was in almost continuous commission. During this period she carried out a great deal of flying, including tours round the British Isles and over the battlefields, and

a flight for the Fleet in atrocious weather off the coast of Scotland when she encountered a very heavy thunderstorm. She was then, as is mentioned before, used for experimental work on the mooring mast and was then deflated and slung during the years of inactivity. In 1924, however, she was reconditioned and again employed on experimental work of the greatest importance. Probably one of the most valuable flights she made was when she broke away from the mast, for a very great deal was learned on that trip, and she was navigated entirely by W-T, which did not prove a "broken reed"! After that she carried out a number of highly important flights on which data of the utmost value were obtained for the stress calculations for the new airships, and she also, incidentally, carried out experiments with aeroplanes. These were hardly "exhibition flights." It was then hoped that either she or the R36 would be flown to Egypt to obtain experience of the behaviour of airships in hot climates, but lack of funds prevented this; so her work done, she was broken up. Ideally, if funds had allowed, she could have been employed for training purposes, but here again no funds were available, with the result that the new ships will have to be taken up into the air by crews with little recent experience, which hardly gives them a fair chance.

The R34, as is mentioned in the article, crossed the Atlantic in record time and naturally no useful load was carried any more than a rowing boat would carry a "useful" load across the Mediterranean. The ship was never built for such a purpose, and she could only just carry enough petrol to do the westward crossing. As it was, a magnificent pioneering flight was made, and it was proved, incidentally, that airship navigation even in those days was pretty good. She was wrecked, as all the world knows, in the early spring of 1921, for she had to land in bad weather, and as there was no mooring mast, again owing to economy, she simply broke up on the landing ground at Howden.

R36 carried out during her short life several long flights and was damaged while landing to the mast, this being largely due to the fact that owing to economy the most primitive methods (a traction engine) had to be used for hauling in the ship on the mast. The damage, however, could have been repaired in a very short time and the ship would have been as good as new, but this was

not allowed. In 1925, however, she was again to be recommissioned to fly to Egypt and much work was done on her, but economy and vacillations again stepped in and she was never recommissioned and was broken up.

R37 was never completed owing to the necessity for economy, and the tragic story of R38 is surely too well known to have to be repeated here. All that need be said is that she was designed for certain specific work which entailed a high performance, and this performance had to be obtained by building a light ship instead of a much larger one owing to the limitation imposed by the size of sheds. Moreover, the designers were handicapped through lack of experience and data.

As soon as she was in the air it was seen by many of her crew that she was not really safe and many people expected that she would finally crash, and few enjoyed flying in her. Unfortunately, her trials had to be rushed through so that she could fly at the earliest possible moment to America, and also that Howden airship station could be closed down and the airship service disbanded on the predestined date.

It was thus partly due to the anti-airship policy which then prevailed that the trials were hurried through and the lives of some of the finest airship personnel of this country and the U.S.A. were lost.

They did not die in vain, however, for it was almost entirely due to the failure of R38 that the present airship programme has been carried out in such a thorough and painstaking way.

R39, a sister of R38, luckily was never completed, again for the same cause—economy, and R80, which had rather unreliable engines, was also broken up about 1925, although she had done quite a lot of useful work during 1920 and 1921. Her hull was afterwards used for experimental purposes, and much valuable information was gained.

The American Airship Service has had its losses also, but here again these have not been in vain, for since the "Roma" and "Shenandoah" came to grief thousands of miles have been flown in perfect safety by airships of all shapes and sizes.

The French Naval Airship Service is small and has no rigids, but at the present moment a new programme has been embarked on and, in any case, ships have been in

commission which were only completed at the end of the war.

The "Dixmude," after carrying out a record-breaking flight, mysteriously disappeared, but here again it must be remembered that she was a war-time design built under the same conditions as R38 and flown by a crew which had had no opportunity of gaining experience.

Later on the "failure" of the "Graf Zeppelin" is referred to. It is difficult to see really where the failure comes in. At the time of her westward flight it was remarked that she took as long as the Mauretania, thereby insinuating that she was no faster than that liner. It was never mentioned, however, that the Zeppelin flew many thousands of miles farther than the Mauretania had to go, and while the Mauretania is the result of thousands of years of seafaring and of nearly a hundred years of regular Atlantic services, the Zeppelin has only been in existence for 30 years, and this was only the third flight made across the Atlantic by airship. No one expects perfection in such a short time with anything except airships! What that flight did prove was that (a) for *regular* Transatlantic airship service a faster ship was needed, and that (b) it was possible to fly through really bad Atlantic weather, and that (c) proper navigation was quite possible.

The Atlantic is always being held up as if all airship people wanted to run a regular service across it immediately. The truth is that, as everyone knows, the North Atlantic Ocean is at present too much for any aircraft to undertake, and there is no intention of using the new ships for a regular service across it, though doubtless many flights will be made to and fro for experimental purposes.

Later on the writer of the article says that the "vast paraphernalia" inevitably associated with airships are "reported to be springing up in Canada, South Africa, Australia, and elsewhere" (Egypt, to be exact).

If these bases are built, it means that a regular network of inter-Imperial communications will be established, and yet there will only be some half a dozen bases. He seems to forget that railways and steamships also require a "vast paraphernalia" of docks, railway stations, railway lines, signals, lighthouses, buoys, bridges, which make the airship's "paraphernalia" appear quite modest.

Commander Burney is supposed to have asserted that

hydrogen was dangerous. In spite of that, however, there are only about half a dozen cases in the whole of the history of airships in which the ships have caught fire in the air owing to the presence of hydrogen. During the war, British airships flew nearly 2,500,000 miles, and there was only one case of a ship catching fire, while the Germans, apart from hostile action, have an equally good record. So it does not look as if, if proper care is taken, they are terribly dangerous. Even schoolboys know that pure hydrogen will not ignite and that it has to be mixed with the right proportion of oxygen before it becomes dangerous at all, and airship crews do not look for leaks in gas-bags with candles in their hands! The presence of petrol is far more dangerous, and when the R38 caught fire, it was the petrol that ignited and not the hydrogen, and the same is believed to have been the case with some of the Zeppelins shot down during the war, the petrol tanks first being fired, the hydrogen burning afterwards. That is chiefly the reason why the R101 is not carrying petrol.

The use of airships depends, of course, on whether the country is at peace or war, and if, unhappily, war should take place, they will certainly be used for oversea work, either as scouts or aircraft carriers, or perhaps as troop carriers.

It is stated that few, if any, "practical" engineers are associated with the design or the construction of R101. This will not hold water, for, as a matter of fact, several of the chief people associated with the ship were trained as practical engineers long before they had anything to do with airships, and in any case surely people who have had years of practical experience in flying, handling, and designing airships and who know all their drawbacks and the problems associated with them are more likely to be correct in their views than armchair critics who have never had any experience whatever, and hardly know one end of an airship from another.

Later on in the article the obvious fact is mentioned that if an airship has a maximum speed of 70 miles per hour, and is flying in a head-wind of 40 miles per hour, her ground speed will only be 30 miles per hour, and the author seems to doubt whether enough petrol will be carried to allow for these head-winds. Naturally, those who are going to fly the airship do not want to spend the

rest of their days wandering about the air without petrol, and, therefore, in all the schemes allowances have been made for head winds, and a vast amount of meteorological research has been carried out to find exactly what the average winds really are. This is why certain routes have been selected which will be as free as possible from storm areas and places where thunderstorms are frequent. In some parts, the Trade winds will be used, and in any case the airship pilots are all meteorologists and will know what the weather is going to do and will make allowances accordingly.

It is said that if an airship whose total lift is 150 tons at M.S.L. climbs to a maximum height of 2,500 feet, she will lose about 12 tons of her maximum lift, and that, therefore, she will only carry her full load of passengers with petrol for an extended trip at ground level. It does not seem to occur to the author of the article that an airship always carries enough disposable ballast to reach a given height, and that the passenger and fuel weights and so forth are calculated accordingly. As a matter of fact, the new ship will be able to fly under normal conditions at about 5,000 feet if necessary with full load of passengers and petrol. In other words, when it is stated that the R101 can carry 100 passengers to Egypt, if this fact had been overlooked and ballast sacrificed, it would probably be found that she could carry nearly double the number of passengers.

Towards the end of the article Poseidon also states that proper airship navigation is almost impossible, but surely the long-distance flights already made prove that this statement is rather wide of the mark.

At the very end, however, he expresses his opinion that airships are superior to aeroplanes as Empire-linkers. This is certainly true, for the airship, by reason of its great endurance and comfort, is obviously better equipped for the task. Aeroplanes and airships are really complementary to one another, and the day is gone, or ought to be gone, when the supporters of heavier-than-air and lighter-than-air should be at loggerheads.

All fair-minded and patriotic people are looking forward to seeing the new British airships in the air; both are of entirely British design, and are entirely new departures in airship construction, and everyone will wish their constructors and crews the best of luck.

# The Great Seal of England

By Percy Pigott

Of all the insignia of sovereignty the royal seal is the least valuable and the most useful. The throne and the sceptre, the crown and the robes of state, only emerge from their seclusion on those comparatively rare occasions of royal ceremonial for whose ritual these ensigns of kingship are necessary. But the sovereign's seal is required whenever Parliament is dissolved or a treaty is concluded with a foreign power, whenever a royal charter is granted to some town, university or other institution, and its impress, about the size of a muffin, dangles from the credentials of every ambassador and from the appointment of every Colonial governor. It is also the least durable of all the regalia. For whereas even the sceptre now in use is the same as that held by Charles II, a new seal is provided for each successive sovereign. After its adoption, the newly enthroned king or queen symbolically taps the discarded die with a small hammer, after which it becomes a relic, and the perquisite of its last custodian, who, since the accession of George III, has always been the Lord Chancellor.

But the historical and sentimental difference between the Great Seal and the other royal emblems is even more interesting. For, throughout all the crises of history and the strife of parties, the crown and the sceptre have remained unmolested and undisturbed, waiting, serenely indifferent to the clash of political factions, but equally willing to yield themselves, like a maiden callously waiting the result of her lover's conflict, to a scion of the House of York or the first-born of the House of Lancaster, to a courtly Stuart or a vulgar Hanoverian. The royal seal, on the other hand, has not only been immersed in those more personal historical episodes which give zest to the otherwise dry records of past centuries, making them palatable to those who read to be entertained as well as for study, but has, on occasions, caused embarrassment to

political leaders and has even, at least during the Commonwealth period, formed the prize for which the contending parties struggled.

Thus in May 1642, when Charles I, after having unsuccessfully attempted to seize the five members, had retired for safety with his court to York, where he had been joined by Littleton, the Commons met in serious and depressed mood. Edward Littleton had been a member of the House of Commons for sixteen years. He had acted as chairman of the committee of grievances in 1634 and had subsequently accepted the post of Solicitor-General. Although he had argued against Hampden on the legality of the levy of ship money, he had only four months previously, as Lord Keeper of the Great Seal, refused to put it to the proclamation for the arrest of the five members. His action, therefore, in joining the king must have appealed to them as a desertion.

It was not, however, Littleton's desertion which caused the Commons to be so perturbed, but the fact that he had taken with him, and delivered to his sovereign, the Great Seal of England. And the problem which confronted them was, how could they carry on the king's government in the king's name without the king's seal; and how could they consider as invalid the proclamations which he might issue, when such were regularly sealed with it? So serious was the situation deemed that the debate was prolonged for four days while public prayers were offered up in the London churches for the seal's recovery. In the end they did the only thing that was possible, short of giving in their submission: they decided to have another seal made. This resolution, however, was only carried by the small majority of twelve. Probably the opposition was influenced by the fact that a statute was still in force which their own predecessors had passed during the reign of Edward III, and which made any attempt at imitating, forging or counterfeiting the Great Seal high treason, carrying with it the penalty of death. This penalty, indeed, was legally enforceable until the crime was reduced to the rank of felony early in the reign of Queen Victoria.

But having reached the peace which follows the making of a responsible decision, the Commons were immediately

faced with another perplexity. The Lords would not agree. They had then to choose between ignoring their own resolution, or ignoring the House of Lords. But having cleared the first fence, though narrowly, they were hardly likely to shy at the less formidable second; in spite of the fact that the king, having heard of the proceedings, issued a proclamation threatening to prosecute, under the Act of Edward III, anyone who counterfeited his seal. They therefore ordered a Mr. Simonds to make a new seal and voted him £100 for his labour. And this was, as far as the skill of Mr. Simonds could make it, literally a counterfeit, for it was made as nearly as possible a replica of the original. This seems a curious culmination of a curious incident. The Commons for all practical purposes were in revolt against their king. Why then were they so perturbed about the loss of his mere seal? Why, when they at length decided to have a new one made, did they have the king's effigy, whose proclamations they repudiated, engraved thereon? Hallam smiles at their simplicity.

The answer is that the Commons at this stage did not consider themselves as in revolt, but as constitutionally carrying on the king's government in his absence. As Louis XIV considered it the duty of his Parliament to register his edicts, whatever their opinion of those edicts might be, regarding them only as lawyers' clerks to do as they were told and to be dismissed if they proved recalcitrant, as, indeed, they were, so the English Commons really took up the position that it was the king's duty to register their resolutions and make them acts. If he absented himself, the Great Seal, which legally but not necessarily actually expressed the will of the sovereign, could be affixed by whomsoever they might appoint. Similarly, if the seal itself was not forthcoming, they could authorize another to be made. Indeed, at this stage the whole question between Royalists and Parliamentarians might be said to be: Who could make and affix a Great Seal of England?

A somewhat similar position recurred during the reign of George III when that monarch was incapable of expressing his sovereign will because of his mental derangement. Charles I refused to fix his seal, because

he disapproved of the deeds to which it was to be fixed; George III, because he preferred to study the problem of how an apple got into a dumpling. In each case the seal affixed by the authority of Parliament, or at least by the custodian of the seal with the approval of the ministers of state, who necessarily had the support of Parliament, was held constitutionally to signify the king's assent. It is interesting also to note that on this latter occasion Fox opposed the principle, claiming that the authority under the circumstances became vested in the Prince of Wales. We thus had a Whig leader championing the divine right of kings.

But there came a day when Parliament claimed all the power which hitherto they had admitted to be at least vested in the king. They were resolved to carry on their own government, not merely in the king's name, but in their own name also. Again they were faced with embarrassment. Like a modern politician, whose opponents quote against him his own utterances of an earlier date, the very seal which they had been using to give effect to their resolutions rose up against them, displaying reprovingly the features of king Charles I, which had been engraved thereon upon their own authority, but whom now they would not even employ as their clerk to perform the technicalities necessary to transform their resolutions into valid laws. Again, there was much debating, much consideration and some hesitation. But they necessarily decided upon the only course possible. Again they ordered Mr. Simonds to make another seal for them, and for this seal he received £200 instead of the £100 he was paid for his first commission. Did the increased remuneration represent the decreased value of money caused by the disturbances of the intervening period, or was it just an expression of the exuberance of the Commons over their successes? And then, for the first time since its institution in the reign of Edward the Confessor, the Great Seal of England had no king's image engraved thereon. Instead it bore a representation of the House of Commons sitting in session and the proud inscription, "In the First year of Freedom by God's Blessing Restored." It is, perhaps, natural for successful revolutionaries, in the jubilance

of their success, to date a new cycle therefrom. After this, the Commons became ashamed of their first seal, over which but a few years previously they had debated so seriously. They secured the services of a swarthy blacksmith, who, bearing with him his hefty hammer, accompanied Mr. Speaker Lenthall to the bar of the House of Lords, and there solemnly and ceremoniously destroyed the previous product of Mr. Simond's craftsmanship.

In due course the prayers of the good citizens of London were answered. Charles's own royal seal was recovered. It was surrendered to the Earl of Essex after the fall of Oxford. Again the blacksmith was sent for and again at the bar of the House of Lords this emblem, like its substitute, was triumphantly demolished.

The trade of engraving Great Seals was more remunerative in those days than it has ever been before or since. For Cromwell could no more conduct the business of state with a seal upon which was a representation of the Commons in session, when he himself, having been more successful than Charles, had closed their session, than they could use their king's effigy after having dethroned him. Therefore, he had his own seal made. He could not have done otherwise. On this were emblems representative of England, Scotland and Ireland, the arms of the Cromwell family, an effigy of Oliver Cromwell on horseback and the simple inscription "Oliver Lord Protector." Thus, for the second time in its history, our seal had no representation of a king. And the third and last of these kingless seals was that made for, and for a short time used by Richard Cromwell.

Meanwhile, England's political disturbances beneficially affected the trade of seal engraving abroad. Charles II had his own seal made while a refugee in Holland. This was with him when he was crowned at Scone, but was lost on the battlefield of Worcester. When subsequently an exile in Paris, he had his second seal made. Probably not even a Stuart ever made such impossible claims under the doctrine of the divine right of kings as those made by Charles II in the manufacture of his second seal. In addition to being an exile from

his native land, he was a refugee in France, and thus under the protection of the French monarch. Yet he not only claimed dominion over Great Britain and Ireland, but even over France itself, for, like all his predecessors since the victories of Edward III and, indeed, all his successors until the union of England and Ireland in 1800, he had inscribed thereon the words, "Rex Franciae."

The last adventure which the civil commotions of the period brought to the Great Seal was on that dark December morning when James II, disguised and accompanied only by Sir Edward Hales, surreptitiously left his palace, entered a hackney coach and was conveyed to Millbank. The only baggage which encumbered him was his royal seal, which at Lambeth he dropped, one must suppose somewhat regretfully, into the muddy waters of the Thames. Macaulay suggests that he hoped to paralyse the nation's affairs, even reduce them to anarchy, by destroying the one instrument necessary for the conduct of its business. But Macaulay can hardly be regarded as impartial where a Stuart king is concerned. James II was perfectly conversant with all the changes and vicissitudes through which the royal emblem had recently passed, and knew perfectly well that, whatever else had happened, the essential business of state had never even been delayed. In no case would the new king have used a seal with his predecessor's effigy imprinted thereon. James could not have been so simple as to suppose that by destroying his own particular seal he could even embarrass the incoming government, much less bring anarchy to the land which had rejected him. But royal seals are almost more useful to kings in exile than to kings enthroned. They have courtiers round who have endured, or think they have endured, much in their sovereign's cause. They need rewarding with a patent of a peerage, which will bring prestige when the king returns. They always have some supporters in the land they have fled from, and even a greater number who will become faithful fighters in their cause, if their king will reward them, at least when there is some probability that he can make that reward effective. An exiled king has also great need of friends among other

rulers who may possibly support him against his own unruly subjects. His treaties with such must be properly sealed as well as signed. For all these purposes king James II required, or would require, his own seal. Why then did he throw it into the river? Probably because of its weight, which impeded his speed, for a fugitive king has even more need of safety than a seal.

But if the Great Seal of England has at times been the centre of storm and strife, if it has occasioned debates four days long in the Commons and caused prayers for its recovery to ascend from a hundred London churches, if it has been ceremoniously surrendered to the victorious belligerents on the fall of an important city and as ceremoniously destroyed by a blacksmith engaged for the purpose at the bar of the House of Lords, if it has been deemed of such value by kings, whose kingdoms were not worth the metal it was made of, that one bore it with him into battle and another carried it with him in a hackney coach, though he would not allow himself to be encumbered with a change of raiment, it has at other times caused scenes which now seem humorous, and, on one occasion at least, it has been the centre of an undignified frolic.

There was, for instance, an element of humour connected with the national seal when Lord Eldon's house was burned in 1812. While helpers were busy with such fire-extinguishing appliances as were used in those days and Lord Eldon's retinue of servants, many only half-dressed, were rendering their best services, a dark figure might have been seen in one of the shrubberies surreptitiously burying a large box. Was it some unfaithful steward, secreting loot stolen in the excitement caused by the alarm of fire? No; it was the faithful keeper of the Great Seal of England, Lord Eldon himself, burying it, so that though his own house and household goods might perish in the flames or be deported by thieves, his sovereign's property at least might be preserved from fire or theft. Still more humorous was the scene on the following morning, for, owing to the excitement caused by the fire and his anxiety for the safety of Lady Eldon, and one must add—it is his own confession—his amusement in watching his maid-servants, several in their

night attire, aid in extinguishing the flames, he had completely forgotten in what part of the grounds he had buried the national treasure. All the members of his household were, therefore, employed sticking twigs into the soil here, there and everywhere until it was unearthed.

An amusing dispute also arose over the Great Seal on the accession of William IV between Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham. The former was Lord Chancellor on the death of George IV, but, by the time the new seal was completed, a new ministry had come into existence. Who was entitled to retain as his perquisite the discarded seal of the late king? William IV settled the question somewhat after the fashion of King Solomon by separating the two disks and presenting one half to each minister.

It was when Lord Brougham was Lord Chancellor that the Great Seal was made the source of unbecoming merriment. Of all the keepers ever entrusted with its custody Lord Brougham was probably the cleverest. When only thirteen he was head of the Edinburgh High School, delighting in the study of mathematics. At eighteen he submitted a paper to the Royal Society entitled "Experiments and Observations on Light." But he was fond of indulging in riotous escapades, especially that of twisting off door-knobs. Later he became a torment to the judge of the southern circuit. But he was never a great lawyer. Indeed, it was said of him that, if he had known anything of law, he would have known something of everything. He contributed eighty articles to the first twenty numbers of the *Edinburgh Review*. He entered Parliament in 1810 and during his first session spoke in opposition to the Earl of Chatham so frequently as almost to usurp Ponsonby's place as leader of the Opposition. He was an advocate of reform and the abolition of slavery. He was anxious to celebrate the passing of the Reform Bill by a holiday abroad. This, however, is an expensive and troublesome business for a Lord Chancellor, for he must comply with certain statutory requirements for the seal's safe-keeping during his absence. He therefore directed his footsteps to Scotland and took the seal with him. While a guest at the house of the Dowager Duchess of Bedford, he allowed the ladies of the party, by way of a frolic, to use the royal

die for culinary purposes. The seal is formed from two heavy disks which close on a hinge, and between which the appointed member of the Lord Chancellor's staff pours the molten wax. On this occasion, however, instead of the Lord Chancellor's clerk, the excited young ladies of the party poured, not molten wax, but the ingredients of pancakes. They subsequently enjoyed a merry meal composed of a pudding impressed with the same seal which might possibly next be required for giving effect to a foreign treaty or appointing a Colonial governor. At it happened, however, on the next occasion on which the seal was used, it was put to exactly the same purpose. For, after having said farewell to the Duchess of Bedford and her guests, Lord Brougham proceeded to honour the Marchioness of Breadalbane with his company. News of the fun at his previous abode had preceded him and it was repeated to gratify the whims of another gathering. The *Times* described this as a revolting spectacle. The king heard of it and was naturally offended. So much so, that, when the time arrived for Lord Brougham to deliver up his charge, he lacked the courage to meet his sovereign personally, but instead sent the seal to him in a canvas bag, thereby stripping it of its last remnant of dignity and falling himself into still deeper disfavour. The genial and witty Lord Brougham was never again offered the position of Lord Chancellor, it was said at the king's request.

There is a very natural rule with regard to the Great Seal that it must never be taken out of the country. This places a restriction upon the Lord Chancellor which his colleagues do not have to submit to. The sovereign may holiday abroad, even his prime minister or foreign secretary, as frequently as they desire, and the business of State runs as smoothly as when they were all within earshot of Downing Street. But it might be seriously held up by the absence of the seal. If, therefore, the Lord Chancellor wishes to travel beyond the boundaries of the country, over which the seal he guards may be said to exercise jurisdiction, he has to go through the troublesome legal procedure of delegating his authority to a commission. This process is so costly as to cause even a Lord Chancellor to hesitate. Cardinal Wolsey is the only

keeper who has ever violated this rule. Imperious and masterful, he disdained complying with rules, however venerable, and, wishing to visit the Low Countries, instead of delegating his authority to a properly sanctioned commission, he took his charge with him on to foreign soil. Nothing was said, though probably much was whispered, at the time, for he was a power even in Europe. But it was remembered against him in the day of his fall.

Once only again in its long history has the Great Seal been irrevocably lost. This was during Pitt's first administration in which Lord Thurlow was Lord Chancellor. Lord Thurlow, he of whom Fox asked whether anyone could be as wise as Thurlow looked, had been the patron both of Dr. Johnson and Crabbe. He was a man of somewhat coarse wit which had often held the attention of the House of Lords as he derided the movement for the abolition of slavery. Yet he made a conscientious, if unsuccessful, keeper of the seal. He was unsuccessful, because during his stewardship his house was entered by burglars who carried it away, along with other booty of which it was probably the least valuable item, being made only of copper. But it caused great trouble. Thurlow confessed the loss to Pitt, and together the two statesmen visited the king and told him of the unhappy occurrence. A meeting of the Privy Council was called and the circumstances explained. The privy councillors decided to do the only thing they could do, what the members of the House of Commons had decided to do under similar circumstances during the reign of Charles I; that is, they decided to have a new one made, and as nearly as possible a replica of the last one. The circumstance was the more unfortunate in that Parliament was about to be dissolved, the time being deemed opportune for the return of the party then in power, the Tories. Within thirty-six hours, however, the engraver completed his task, so that no serious delay was caused by the theft. The Tories were elated with the rapidity with which the work had been completed, for they affected to believe that the burglary had been planned and successfully executed at the instigation of their enemies, the Whigs. They never, however, produced any evidence in support of this accusation.

In the British Museum are preserved good impresses of the seals of all our sovereigns since the time of William the Conqueror. Indeed, there is in existence the impress of a seal of Offa, King of Mercia, A.D. 790, and Edgar, A.D. 960. This collection of seals is of considerable interest to the historian and antiquarian, revealing much of the heraldry and something of the costumes of the period. In every instance, save during the Commonwealth, the king is represented on one side as the sovereign enthroned, on the other as the head of his army.

Such are some of the adventures, turbulent or subdued, joyful or sad, through which, for nearly a thousand years, the seals of forty kings have passed. One wonders to what emotions the hundreds of impresses cast from these seals could bear witness. Our law courts alone can claim to be so richly charged with British emotion. But the sealed documents have this great advantage over the law courts. Whereas the former are mainly concerned with the enmity and strife of the king's subjects, who appeal to him for redress, the sealed documents often mark successful culmination of anxious labour, or are the sovereign's expression of his appreciation of the worth of those of his subjects whom he delights to honour. That treaty with a foreign State, though it is now for many years obsolete, the State itself being defunct, and in its very wording reads to us so whimsically, was laboured for by statesmen and diplomatists, amid the clash of warring interests, for a generation before it was finally sealed. Would the world have been much different today had they failed? Did they not overrate the importance of their labours? And the seal's impress which hung from the ambassador's credentials, or perhaps from his patent of a peerage, may it not have been the outward sign of the gratification of the desires of a lifetime, desires in which his wife had shared even more ardently than he?

For how long will our kings express their sovereign will by means of seals? Probably as long as a monarch heads our Empire.

# Western Wine in Eastern Bottles

## By a Son of Han

FOREIGNERS in our midst profess to find much humour in the adaptation of Western forms by the younger and Western-educated politicians who now control us. But the phenomenon is not a thing of very recent growth, as some seem to imagine; it was with us many years before Dr. Sun enumerated his wondrous principles or his followers sought to rob us of our national culture.

To us, who have to live beneath the yoke, the humour is not so apparent, for many of us can see no reason why we should have to surrender our graceful garments and manner of dress and deportment, our ways of life and thought, for forms which are neither foreign nor Chinese. This bastard growth is foisted upon us by people who are neither Eastern nor yet Western, but a curious hybrid growth, the result in most instances of a thin veneer of Western culture upon an ignorant Eastern mind.

Thirty years ago our people were free from police, "bureaux," and many of those harassing institutions which Western politicians use to separate their long-suffering peoples from their hard-earned money. In a town in Western China where the writer lived as a young man, the incidence of taxation was easy, and despite the fact that the Hsien was far from being well-managed, the total per caput taxation from all sources did not exceed four per cent. of the annual turnover, and the needs of the city, with a population of about 180,000 people, did not necessitate an expenditure exceeding 100,000 taels per annum—say, £12,000. In addition the guilds provided watchmen to look after their own members' premises and certain other private associations of merchants had their own caravan guards and other associate services.

True, the roads were not good and we had no hospitals, save a Mission one, operated by charitable foreigners forty miles to the west of us; but our children were healthy, and not more ignorant than most, and all of us had the chance of becoming officials through the Hanlin examinations. Business was good—far better than it is

now—and whilst bandits were not unknown, there was nothing like the amount of robbery, murder, and kidnapping then in the whole of China which now prevails in the smallest province.

The yamen runners who acted as police, when they were not asleep or gambling, confined their efforts for the most part to guarding the gates of the Fantai's and Taotai's yamen. They did, indeed, at times of particular stress, rush picturesquely after robbers, but never so as to involve either the robber or themselves—let alone harmless pedestrians—in personal violence. Like the Beefeaters in London, their rôle was mainly ceremonial, attending the great ones as they proceeded in their chairs through the city and country, clearing a way with much shouting and flourishing of staves. But in all the city there were no more than sixty of them, and their total upkeep—they were seldom paid any salaries by the officials—did not cost the townsfolk more than £15 a month.

The Revolution changed all this, for there cannot be a Republic without a multiplicity of masters; and whilst the revenues of the city were ample for the five officials that controlled it under the old regime, the four or five hundred hungry ones who succeeded the old Viceroy and his officials immediately began to look around for means to modernize the city and its revenues more in accord with the needs of the nineteenth century.

The new Tuchun, fresh from his Japanese college, immediately instituted a police system, foisting upon the town three hundred of his more efficient but unpaid soldiers, who had to be rewarded in order to stave off mutiny. As there were no funds handy to pay these men the eight dollars a month they were promised, the townfolk had to agree to find the amount through the Chamber of Commerce, monthly, hoping of course that times would change and that the force would soon leave for pastures new.

The chief commissioner, however, was by no means satisfied with the fifty dollars a month apportioned as his salary, and being a man who had been sent abroad by a Mission school, and nothing if not inventive, he published a long declaration which was attached to the city gates for all to read who could—about one per cent. of the

population. He dwelt upon the manifold dangers which beset the inhabitants by reason of their eating meat which had not been examined by competent experts in order to detect germs, winding up with a statement that thereafter all beasts killed for consumption were to be examined by duly appointed officials, who would seal and mark all carcases exposed for sale, and nothing not so marked would be permitted to be sold.

Four coolies recruited from those who had carried the ammunition of saviours of the country were forthwith appointed, together with the clerk attached to the commissioner's office, and these, parading round the town, instituted the "Butchers' Inspection Committee," charging each butcher from five to eight per cent. of the value of each beast killed for putting their mark on it. Any butcher who was foolish enough to dispute the assessment had his beast immediately condemned as unfit for human consumption; and, to make sure that it should not be offered for sale, the inspectors condemned the culprit to deliver it to their mess, where it was eaten with much relish.

For a few weeks this satisfied the powers that had constituted themselves as our saviours and mentors; but envy having stirred the hearts of other less fortunate officials at the ease with which the police commissioner was filling his ricebowl, a captain in the artillery, whose salary was several months in arrears obtained the appointment of medical officer to the district. Aided by an astute clerk, who had been in Hong Kong and Singapore, he at once issued a long public statement regarding the horrors and dangers of disease to which the garrison was exposed, since there was no proper control of the sing-song girls, whose services were much in demand by the soldiers at this time.

His great idea was to segregate the girls, and this he proceeded to do, dividing them into three classes, the youngest and most comely being subjected to first-class licences, the others to anything that his clerks cared to arrange. All were housed in a barrack-like building, and anyone that objected to occupy the room assigned to her was refused a licence and imprisoned, if found practising. Of the proceeds collected in the shape of fees, payable at the door to his representatives, one-third went to the

"medical office," one-third to the State, and one-third to the girl, but as she was charged for rent, light, water, and as everything she bought had to pay a tax to the house, the amount the girls made was negligible; indeed, most of them were indebted to the house, according to his books, from the minute they entered it.

Thereafter, we were deluged with Western up-to-date customs. First, there was arranged a shop licence from the police, without paying which no shopkeeper was allowed to exercise his calling. This, we were told, was an American custom designed to prevent dishonest people from swindling the townsfolk. As most of our shopkeepers had inherited their business from their fathers—indeed, many of them were of the fifth and sixth generations—this seemed entirely unnecessary; but the law was enforced in spite of our complaints, and each shop had to pay from five to ten per cent. per month on its business, as assessed by the officials, and anyone making any trouble had their premises sealed and their assistants imprisoned. Then came the "Business-man's Guarantee Association," invented by a bright young man recently returned from America, who with some friends of his sought permission from an official—at a price—to found the association in order to prevent fraud and bankruptcy by dishonest business men. Each person operating any business or office had to have his books examined once a month by the young gentleman and his assistants, and if it was found that the business man was making unfair profits or otherwise battening upon the people, his iniquities were to be disclosed to the public and a suitable punishment provided, other by-laws being enacted to punish the thrifty. In practice, the young gentleman, who had no knowledge of his profession, tried to persuade business people to let him forgo the monthly examination of their books in exchange for a small fee; but, arrogance overtaking him, he became high-handed, and the Chamber of Commerce intervening he was eventually dispossessed of his sinecure and the association was heard of no more.

Next came the "Town-cleaning By-laws," and all householders were required to pay the police sixty cents a month to have their refuse removed by scavengers; but as each of these unlucky ones was supposed to look after the cleaning of fifty houses and only received a sum of

two hundred coppers a month in return, needless to say the householders had to do their own cleaning as before, in spite of paying the coppers.

Then came the "Beggars' Improvement Association." These people, of course, had their own guild and were by no means poor, for begging is and always has been a profession in the East, and there were probably between two and three hundred in the city practising their profession and interfering with nobody. According to the "declaration," these people were to be educated, washed, and kept engaged in useful pursuits in order to make them self-respecting members of the community; but in fact they were seized by officials, put into compounds and made to work unpaid for ten and sometimes twelve hours a day making socks for the garrison, sandals that were sold by the garrison in the town, rake handles and other saleable implements, and were fed with the very cheapest of unsaleable broken rice and vegetables.

By the end of 1913 the people were being taxed at least five times the amount that was charged them prior to the revolution and received nothing at all in return. Every cart, mule, dog, wheelbarrow and buffalo were taxed, every trade and profession were made to pay for the upkeep of over eight hundred officials, food-prices had increased over forty per cent., and poverty was beginning to make itself manifest everywhere. Yet every tax and impost put upon us were framed in such plausible language that the foreigners in our midst were surprised at our rebellious feelings.

If it was bad, however, in the West, it was a thousandfold worse in Peking, where hardly a week went by without some Western law being declared to be in force in the capital. Here smooth-spoken, foreign-speaking artists, hunting through the legal codes of the West, discovered hundreds of new methods of uplifting the people, of improving their environment, of ministering to their needs, all in exchange for a small tax; and as General Yuan Shih Kai was much engaged upon making himself Emperor, and was perhaps unheedful of the needs of the swarms of smaller officials, these had to look out for themselves as best they might.

But bad as things were then, they were as nothing to what they are today; for now we have in Nanking artists

world-famous in the science of taxation, who, profiting by the experience of the Russians, are using propaganda as it never was used before, pressing into their service the gift of wireless and other Western inventions in order to swell their individual bank balances. So, with fifty million of our people starving in the North-Western provinces, and a death roll of over twenty thousand a week, all that the Nanking overlords can spare from their manifold diversions of deceiving the world as to our position is the beggarly sum of thirty thousand dollars, according to the foreign-operated "International Famine Relief Commission."

The Hankow expedition was financed and carried forward just as the operations against Kuanghsi are now being carried on. Our Ministers can and do proceed every week-end from the barren wilderness of Nanking to the Western settlements of Shanghai in true Western style, to recuperate and take part in the receptions, dances, and other Western enticements; several tens of millions of dollars are earmarked to be used for building a vast new city; fifteen foreign advisers, including six Americans on tremendous salaries, have been engaged to reconstruct the financial position of the country; treaties are being made in the English language; radio stations are being paid for in order to distribute party slogans; and the trade of the country is being hampered by "patriotic associations" who prevent shopkeepers dealing in Japanese goods. Yet, in spite of all this flood of Western culture, the Government cannot afford either to give relief to the millions of starving people or to prevent the Tientsin River from silting up, although they are well aware that this is the only port that can handle the grain necessary to alleviate the tremendous suffering.

On the other hand, we are advised not to continue to wear our age-old costumes, not to let our children grow up believing in our native religions, not to honour our priests or to venerate our temples, not to remember that we are Chinese and, as such, a greater people than all others by virtue of our enduring civilization. We are asked to adopt a form of culture that seems neither Western nor Eastern, to subscribe to empty forms that, so far as we have experienced, have no reality or substance, and lastly, to shut our eyes to the terrible flood of misery

which is engulfing us, nay, which threatens to wipe out more than twenty per cent. of our population.

As a palliative, we are asked to subscribe to the "Social Service Bureau" of this city, which aims at educating in the city of Peking some fifty or one hundred of our midwives, who, we are told, are responsible for the infant mortality of China being thirty per cent. higher than in Western cities; and it is now proposed to take over the Mission hospitals, including the famous Rockefeller Foundation, so as to operate them more in accord with the modern needs of China. This will mean, of course, that funds now used to minister to the sick will be diverted into the pockets of some of the new fortune-hunters.

By itself this means nothing any more than any of the modern party slogans, but it is as good an example as most of what is proceeding all through the country at this time. The twenty million folks who, the "International Famine Relief Association" tell us, must die unless relieved this spring and summer, can die. They are far off, and none of the foreign pressmen will be allowed to report upon their situation, while the Social Service Bureau has what is termed a "good press." This means that Mission bodies will report to large bodies of uninformed foreigners upon the great good that the Bureau is doing, and our situation is likely to be as much misunderstood abroad now as it ever has been.

Dr. Wang is making a great show of having in force a code that is the equal of any of the Western laws. He is trying to persuade Western diplomats that under the Chinese legal code foreign people will be as well off as they would be under their own foreign codes. But we who live under the code know that the written code is only used to deceive us and foreigners. It does not deceive us, but we have no resource, as our rulers have a force of something over two million men under arms besides vast numbers of spies and police, in order to compel us to silence, and lately they have indulged in silencing the foreign press by refusing mail facilities to certain of the greater and more outspoken foreign journals.

As we see Western "culture," it is a sham and a delusion, words used to mislead, and nothing that the

foreign diplomats are doing at this time in their conversations and negotiations with our "saviours" at Nanking has within it anything of reality. We are anxious—much more so than the few extra-territorial foreigners within our boundaries—to have a real code of laws that will be more than words and will be effective in protecting us and our property. If the foreign nations can compel our rulers to bring such a code into being by insisting upon seeing it in operation before they surrender their privileges, then the West will have given something to the East that is worth while; but if their diplomats, like others, are misled by the spoken word, or, indeed, by the written treaty, then our case is hopeless, and we must perish by the vintage that the West has brewed.

One of the greatest authors, Mr. Tong Shao-Yi, writing a few years back when the foreign commissioners were expected who had been deputed to examine into our legal codes, said: "What difference does it make to us whether such a Commission comes or not? The Courts exist not for the few foreigners, but for the many Chinese. . . . Even the President himself and all of our officials must be subject to the Courts before we can even speak of Justice as existing in China."

This is the point that foreigners miss in regard to our urgent domestic problems. We are orphans standing alone in a wilderness beset by all manner of wild beasts, unable to protect ourselves in any way whatever, robbed and mistreated by foreign-educated and foreign-clothed "saviours," whilst the powers who educated these stand aside and do nothing to help us to help ourselves.

Eastern guile, however disguised, we can meet and deal with, but the combination of Eastern guile and Western suavity is too much for us; we seem not to be able to recognize the robbers beneath their foreign garments, and they always approach us for our good and for the dignity of our country, howbeit always at the loss of our savings.

Today we still hope; but if the Powers give up their privileges without compelling our rulers to produce a code of real justice in being as well as in writing, then, indeed, we shall be without hope and desolate in our manifold afflictions.

# The Trans-Jordan Mandate

By "Durbin"

PROBABLY the most picturesque—if the least known—of the mandates is Trans-Jordan. Joined to a country very much in the public eye—Palestine—Trans-Jordan remains out of the limelight. While "every schoolboy knows" that Jerusalem is the capital of Palestine, how many educated Englishmen, or Europeans for the matter of that, could name off-hand the capital of Trans-Jordan and place it, or even the country itself perhaps, on the map? The opening of the first session of the Legislative Council of Trans-Jordan last April, however, will have attracted some attention to that corner of the world, and some account of the country and of its problems may be of general interest.

As its name implies, Trans-Jordan (or Trans-Jordania, as it is sometimes called) lies on the other—the eastern—side of the Jordan, which with the Dead Sea forms its western boundary. Its northern and southern boundaries are formed respectively by the French Mandate of Syria and the territory of Hejaz; its eastern boundary in the Syrian desert is undefined. It can be divided roughly from east to west into five areas—barren fringe, covered with black stones, merging into pastures stretching as far as the Hejaz railway, whence rolling downs rise to a mountainous mass 3,500 feet to 4,000 feet, which drops abruptly to the plain of the Jordan valley. Over the pastures the Bedouin in summer graze their camels, in winter moving east as far as Jauf. West of the railway some corn and barley are grown in the Kerak, Balqa, and Ajlun districts. The fertile land of the Jordan is only used so far as winter grazing grounds by semi-nomad tribes. In the north are several large villages, but the only centres which can, even by courtesy, be called "towns" are Amman—the capital, Salt, and Kerak. No census has been taken, but the population is believed to be about 200,000. Of these, 10,000 are Chechen and Circassians, refugees from the Caucasus when that country came under Russian rule, and 15,000 Christians. The remainder are Moslem Arabs. A number of Arab traders and professional men have, since the British occupation, found their way into the towns, but the

indigenous inhabitants remain agricultural, nomadic, or semi-nomadic.

So much for the country and its people. The course of events by which Trans-Jordan became a British mandate can now be briefly traced. On the occupation of Palestine by the British Military Administration in 1917, Trans-Jordan was left within the sphere of the Arab Administration of Damascus, under the Emir Faisal, now King of Iraq. In July 1920 the Military Administration of Palestine gave place to a civil one, and at the same time the Emir Faisal withdrew from Damascus, which was taken over by the French. Trans-Jordan was given a system of self-government under local councils, independent of one another, with a few British officers as advisers. This system having proved unsatisfactory, in March 1921 the Emir Abdullah, brother of King Faisal, under the general direction of the High Commissioner for Palestine, assumed the administration of Trans-Jordan, assisted by a small number of British officers. In July 1922 the Council of the League of Nations approved the mandate for Palestine (the mandatory being, of course, His Britannic Majesty), Trans-Jordan being joined to it under Article 25.* In October of the same year the Emir visited England, when an Agreement was come to by which the British Government recognized his independence, subject to the approval of the League, provided that the administration was conducted "on democratic and constitutional lines." In 1928 a second Agreement was made superseding and implementing the first one, one of the conditions being that a Legislative Council of Trans-Jordan should be convened—which has now been been done, as already stated. The Emir agreed to be guided by the advice of

* This article reads as follows:

"In the territories lying between the Jordan and the eastern boundary of Palestine as ultimately determined, the Mandatory shall be entitled, with the consent of the Council of the League of Nations, to postpone or withhold application of such provisions of this mandate as he may consider inapplicable to the existing local conditions, and to make such provision for the administration of the territories as he may consider suitable to those conditions, provided that no action shall be taken which is inconsistent with the provisions of Articles 15, 16, and 18."

Articles 15, 16, and 18 refer respectively to "freedom of conscience," exercising such supervision over religious bodies as may be necessary for "the maintenance of public order and good government," and no discrimination against any particular nationals in any way.

His Majesty's Government with regard to his foreign relations, and undertook to carry on a stable administrative and financial policy—the latter not to be altered without British consent. But as long as the revenues of the country remained insufficient to meet the expenses of government, provided such expenses were made with British approval, a grant in aid or loan would be given by the British Treasury. The agreement was not pleasing to the Trans-Jordan nationalists, who wished for complete independence and who indulged in various manifestations of disapproval. It is obvious, however, that Great Britain as the Mandatory Power must retain a measure of control commensurate with her responsibilities to the League, and, indeed, at Geneva some doubts were expressed as to the slackening of this control consequent on the Agreement.

The interior administration of the country can now be touched on. The initial years of the Emir's rule, it is generally admitted, were not satisfactory, being extravagant and unpopular. Experiments, however, have to be made in new countries, and that of allowing the Emir a free hand having failed, another course was adopted. In April 1924 Colonel C. H. Cox, C.M.G., D.S.O., who had already successfully administered various districts in Palestine, was, with the happiest results, appointed Chief British Representative, with a few British officers as assistants. Drastic economies were effected, the administration was thoroughly overhauled, and the punishment or dismissal of officials found guilty of misconduct had an excellent effect. At the same time cordial relations were maintained with the Emir. The financial progress of the State is shown by the following table :

| Expenditure. | Receipts. | |
|---|---|---|
| 1924–25 : £E. 267,996 | £E. 198,023 | Revenue. |
| | 75,632 | Grant in Aid. |
| | | In 1923–24 |
| | 273,655 | this grant was |
| | | £E. 150,000. |
| 1925–26 : £E. 267,708 | £E. 174,039 | Revenue. |
| | 101,358 | Grant in Aid. |
| | 275,397 | |

The partial failure of the winter rains, and an outbreak of cattle plague, which necessitated the prohibition of the export from Trans-Jordan of fodder animals, meat and hides, seriously affected the financial situation of the country.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 1926–27 : £E. 267,708 | £E. 230,607 | Revenue. |
| | 64,350 | Grant in Aid. |
| | 294,957 | |

Advances have been made in all branches of the administration: Defence, law and order, agriculture, public works—including roads, public health, education, post and telegraphs, etc. etc. This being so, it may seem super-critical to ask whether there may not be a possible danger of too much "progress." Trans-Jordan is a primitive "tribal country." In similar countries elsewhere in the British Empire it has been found that tribal people possess a considerable aptitude for self-government—*on their own lines*. But it has also been found that in such countries there is sometimes a tendency (not on the part of the local government in touch with the people, but on the part of those 'higher-up' who sit in offices at a distance), in the names of the deities of 'Efficiency,' 'Uniformity,' and 'Law,' and with the best intentions in the world, to be 'fussy'—to interfere too much in, and unduly Westernize, the local administration; in other words, to over-govern. What is needed in a primitive country is not 'forcing,' but growth, not a complicated administration, no matter how excellent in itself, which needs foreign experts to "run," but an administration as indigenous as is practicable in which the local inhabitants can take a real share. However, doubtless those responsible for the destinies of Trans-Jordan bear this aspect of the question in mind.

We must conclude our survey with a reference to foreign affairs. Placed as it is, Trans-Jordan is in the nature of a buffer-state to Palestine, and frontier complications are not unknown. In 1925–27 the Druse rising in Syria, for instance, created a grave situation. The insurgents first endeavoured to use Trans-Jordan territory as a base for their activities, and later—when the rebellion was crushed—took refuge there in large numbers. It needed all the patience, firmness, and tact

of the British Representative to bring this question to a successful conclusion. The possibility of Wahabi raids has always to be guarded against. In 1924, for example, a large force of Wahabi camelry, estimated at from 3,000 to 4,000, reached to within twelve miles of Amman. Here they were engaged, with planes and armoured cars, by the Royal Air Force who—fighting a brilliant action—drove back the invaders, inflicting on them casualties to the number of over 500. The fact remains, indeed, that though, as already pointed out, as large a share as possible in the government should be given to the people, Trans-Jordan depends, and must depend for some time to come, on British protection. Remove this protection in the shape of the Royal Air Force, with their headquarters at Amman, the British Control of the local levies, or the incalculable benefit of having the British Government behind it, and Trans-Jordan would be torn by inter-tribal civil war aggravated by the "fire and sword" of foreign invasion. On the other hand, Trans-Jordan, as it stands now, peaceful and prosperous, can take its place in the record of Western achievement in Asia, and here—as elsewhere in the East—the inquiring traveller who asks what work the British have done might not inaptly be given the adequate reply: "Si monumentum requiris, circumspice."

*Bibliography.*—There is as yet no "standard work" on Trans-Jordan, but the reader who wishes to pursue his inquiries further can be referred to the following: "Trans-Jordan," by Mrs. Stewart Erskine, which gives a descriptive account of the country; "Handbook of Palestine (1922)"; articles on Trans-Jordan in the "Journal of the Central Asian Society, 1924," Part IV, and 1927, Part IV; the official "Yearly Reports of the British Government on the Administration of Palestine and Trans-Jordan" (published by His Majesty's Stationery Office).

# Vittel 1800 Years Ago

By Professor Jules Guiart

*(University of Lyons)*

To clear the mists of history and rediscover the well-known spa, Vittel,* as it was in the Gallo-Roman days of eighteen hundred years ago, is to reveal some curious sidelights upon the spa treatment of ancient times. The part played by the Romans in the discovery of Vittel is, however, not surprising. They were inflated with prosperity, prosperity which came to them through their world-conquests, and thus they acquired vicious ways of over-eating and excessive drinking. Their habit of gorging was stimulated by artificial means. They used to overload themselves with food at great festivals, then to leave the table, secure a vomit to empty their stomachs, and start eating afresh. In the end, the natural result followed; they fell into a decline which robbed them of the enjoyment of luxurious wines. Hence arose the problem of recovering their health, and it is probable that in the solution of this the foundation was laid of what, in these days, we understand by spa treatment. There are historical records to show that, at the distant period above mentioned, the mineral and thermal spas of the Vosges were largely patronized and became very prosperous. There is abundant evidence to show this in the case of Vittel.

In the village itself, in the Place des Dames, facing the church of the Grand Ban, ruins were found, sufficient to prove the former existence of an important Roman settlement, which was probably destroyed by fire. Again, at Géremoy, on the site of the present establishment, in the course of excavations undertaken for extending the sources of the springs, traces were exposed of arrangements for heating the water, suggesting that thermal baths were included in the treatment. But perhaps the most interesting discoveries made were those close to the Hepar Spring, nearly two miles away. Here the remains of an old excavation were found, and in addition the traces of a small square temple, decorated with a peristyle in front. This temple contained the statue of the tutelary divinity of the spa, a kind of nymph, probably lying, originally, in a recumbent position, and resting against

* Vittel Spa is situated in the Vosges region in France close to the historical town of Nancy. Vittel is regarded as one of the most up-to-date spas in France for the treatment of arthritis, arteriosclerosis, and all allied ailments.

an urn. A striking feature of this statue was its complete nudity. At the time of its discovery the impression was formed that such an exhibition of female nakedness must have proved offensive to the prudery of a visitor, for its artistic appeal had been destroyed. Still, even in its mutilated condition, the statue must have retained some of its attractiveness, since it came into use in the construction of a house. From this somewhat degraded position it was rescued by M. Ambroise Bouloumié. His object was to endow it with its original dignity by placing it in the court of the establishment. The fact, however, is that it has since disappeared. There is evidence that in former times the Hepar Spring was regarded as the most important, because of its strong mineral quality. With the recognition of its eminence as a spring arose the question of assigning to it a tutelary divinity, for every spring exploited medically had to possess a religious sanction. The Hepar Spring, not being a thermal spa, could not claim the protection of Borvo, the "God of Hot Springs." The difficulty was therefore met by the choice of a simple nymph, who, very magnanimously, granted her patronage!

Many ceremonies which nowadays would be regarded as mainly in the nature of folklore were included in the proceedings of spa treatment as patronized by the Romans.

After having drunk the sacred waters the patients offered prayers in the chapel, and a sacrifice or libation was made on the altar of the divinity. And since in a bathing spa the divinity had enough to do in granting all the prayers, the patient, in order that nothing might be forgotten, wrote down what he or she expected on a sheet of lead and, after folding it, threw it into the spring. Or again, the patient deposited in the temple, on a votive altar, a representation in clay or precious metal of the diseased limb or organ, as is still done in the course of many pilgrimages.

The drinkers then began by making the divinity understand what they expected from her. But gods being made in the image of men, it was understood that they gave nothing for nothing. It was therefore necessary to make an offering to the divinity to secure in a kind of way her goodwill. This offering almost always consisted of money, in gold, silver, or, above all, bronze, all of which was thrown into the spring. In certain springs such

tributes have been found in thousands. These coins have, moreover, a special significance, since through them the period when the spa was in full operation can be recognized with certainty.

The waters were then used in every form; as a drink, in baths, douches, or sweating-rooms. We have some information of the manner of drinking them. We know that round the springs there were, as there are today, colonnades under which the patients were seated in comfortable armchairs. Young slaves filled the glasses at the spring and handed them to the patients sitting in comfort. Under the gallery various merchants offered their wares. They sold the glass vases, or especially those made of earthenware, which served for drinking the waters. They also sold the votive offerings and reproductions of the local divinity, which the patients took home as souvenirs and placed on the family altar.

Each spa had its special commendations. Patients requiring gastric treatment patronized Vichy; Luchon, Mont-Dore or Amelie-les-Bains, when suffering from respiratory diseases; and Néris in nerve cases. Aix, Evaux, or Bourbon Lancy became the chosen centres for relief in cases of rheumatism.

Unlike, however, these various spas, no record appears to exist that the Romans had discovered Vittel as providing valuable advantages in the treatment of urinary disorders or gout. Possibly the explanation may be the absence of knowledge among our ancient medical brethren. They failed to recognize the connection between such disorders and the highly specialized and luxurious mode of living resorted to by the Romans, which made them, as there is evidence to show, frequent sufferers from gout.

It is interesting to notice the quantity of spa waters which in Roman days was considered necessary for the treatment. This was generally a large dose. Archigenes was accustomed to prescribe five litres, more than a gallon, daily. Pliny has left on record a protest against this practice. "It is a mistake," he said, "to glory in drinking a lot of mineral water. I have seen people who were terribly swollen with drinking it, and whose skin was so stretched that it covered over their rings, because they were unable to get rid of the quantity of water they had absorbed." A layman's view, of course; nevertheless, one not devoid of common sense. The general view now prevailing is that the quantity of

the water to be prescribed should depend upon a careful supervision of a case, and be determined in accord with the experience gained in a highly specialized treatment.

The duration of the cure in Roman days was twenty-one days. I am convinced that this custom arose very simply; one week for increasing, little by little, the quantity of drink or the duration of the baths, one week of the maximum cure, and one week to return little by little to the initial figure. The doses were already fixed by a doctor. Oribasius, indeed, a medical authority in Julian's time, foresaw the danger of abusing the waters without medical supervision. And today, how many persons make themselves worse by the desire to economize in the services of a doctor!

Even in these early times spa water was exported to distant places. For that purpose it was collected in vast receptacles of leather, mounted on wheels, forming a sort of cistern carriage, which required two oxen to draw it.

For hydrotherapy, the Romans appear to have used especially the *Grande Source*, for it is on its site that the thermal establishment seems to have existed, an obligatory accompaniment of every Roman spa. It is probably there that the sweating-rooms were situated, also the pools of hot water or cold water, and, lastly, the douches. But that mode of treatment is too well known for me to explain it here. To combat rheumatism and gout there was already in use, as there is today, the cabinet bath, in which the patient was enclosed, while his head, of course, remained exposed to the air.

The patients visiting the spa were lodged in hostels, which were generally overcrowded, and the proprietors of these were fully alive to the expediency of providing the visitors with entertainment of some sort. They organized theatrical performances and games, and displays of women in attractive garments, illustrating the latest fashions in dress, as the cinema does today.

In conclusion, it may be added that the Vittel spa was in all probability destroyed by barbarian invasions, in common with other Lorraine spas, and especially by the Germanic invasions of the fourth century. It is true that the people of the adjoining countries continued to patronize the spas, but it was not until the nineteenth century, under the active impulse of Louis Bouloumié and his descendants, that Vittel began to gain and increase the popularity which it now enjoys.

# For the Sake of Enlightenment

By Coutts Brisbane

At the corner where the street named Redolent-of-Virtue gave upon the market-place of Sao-Ping, Dr. Hi Ho halted. Here was the strategic point most favourable to his campaign. Though it was but a little after day-break, people from the surrounding country were already trickling through the gate at the farther end, and soon street and market would be crowded. It was a first-class pitch.

Dr. Hi Ho laid down his heavy pack and turned to the owner of the shop by him, an obese person engaged in setting out to the best advantage a varied store of wares, mostly damaged or of poor quality, ranging from old clothes to packets of spices and musical instruments.

"Honourable sir, this despicable person is a practitioner of the estimable and venerable art of healing, come from very far to benefit the people of Sao-Ping with his wisdom. Deign, therefore, to allow him to display his sign and chart upon this shutter. Besides acquiring merit by a benevolent action, you will assuredly benefit by much custom from the crowd that will infallibly assemble to witness the cures he shall perform."

The shopkeeper, by name Chow Ming, assumed a disdainful countenance.

"Ten cash," he growled.

"A stick has two ends. This street has two corners. Four cash—or I go over the way," replied Dr. Hi. "Also I will give you a dose to relieve the constriction of your honourable head. And see, already I attract attention."

Two peasants, loaded with garden produce, had halted at gaze. Chow Ming yielded reluctantly.

"Four, then. Money down," he growled.

"The gods witness your disinterested benevolence," murmured Dr. Hi sarcastically, and paid from a flaccid purse.

At once he became busy, and unrolling a wide scroll

of tough paper, hung it upon the shutter. It displayed a life-size outline of a human figure, divided by thin red lines into a hundred spaces of about equal area, each bearing a number. An inscription in red and gold proclaimed :—

" Dr. Hi Ho, Healer of all pains. Stomachs relieved, Blindness, Deafness, Epilepsy, Oppression after Meals, and all other diseases cured. The Fee is small, the Relief immediate and lasting. Dr. Hi Ho, Healer of Mandarins."

Dr. Hi next opened his pharmacy, a large box divided into one hundred compartments, each numbered to correspond with a division of the chart. He brought from one wide sleeve a little brazier of bronze and revived the charcoal in it by blowing. Beside this he set an assortment of knives and cautery irons, a small but horrid-looking demon of brass, a silver spoon, graduated for measuring doses, a silver tube, a large bundle of fire-crackers and a gong. Then he squatted, ready for action.

Chow Ming, having completed his window dressing, came out grunting dismally.

" My head still aches," he remarked pointedly. " A cure was promised."

" It will not ache for long. Mine are potent and far-reaching drugs," quoth Dr. Hi, and rose briskly. " Condescend to indicate the exact seat of the pain."

Chow Ming rubbed his forehead. Dr. Hi glanced at the chart. That region was numbered Four, therefore the doctor opened compartment Four of the pharmacy, dug out a generous spoonful of grey powder and grinned at his patient.

" Give yourself the trouble of opening wide your capacious and magnificent mouth. So ! " With the dexterity of long practice he tossed the powder into the patient's gullet. " Go, take a cup of hot tea," he added as Chow Ming spluttered and choked. " You will quickly recover your accustomed serenity."

Ming departed, too full for words. One of the peasants, having consulted with his friends and the four others who had joined them, now stepped forward.

" I have two pains. What is the fee ? " he asked.

"Where are the pains?" countered Dr. Hi.

"Here and here." The man indicated stomach and eyes. "I am dizzy and there are strange spots that fly before me like soot from a dirty chimney."

"Two cash," said Dr. Hi and thrust the largest of his cautery irons into the heart of the glowing brazier. "For two cash only I will relieve you. You shall skip like a young goat in the spring."

"Will you not take a couple of water melons? I am a poor man."

"Two cash!" insisted Dr. Hi with great firmness. "Mine are mandarin medicines of great potency."

"What is that for?" The man pointed to the cautery heating in the brazier. He seemed to distrust it.

"Am I to explain the secrets of my art to one void of understanding?" grunted Dr. Hi testily. "If you do not want relief, pass on. Others wait. But in a little while the earth will rock beneath your feet, your head will whirl——"

"It is so already, great father!" moaned the man. "Cure me. Here are the cash."

Dr. Hi smiled, glanced at his chart, identified the storm centres, swiftly spooned a portion of powder from Number Six—the eyes—another of Number Fifty—the midriff—mixed them with the long index finger nail which he used for writing, and bade the patient swallow.

"Now, shut your eyes!" he commanded as the man convulsively got the mixture down, and as he obeyed drew the glowing iron from the brazier. "So!"

A wild howl of pain, a mad leap into the air. Swiftly and dexterously Dr. Hi had applied the cautery to Number Fifty.

"Like a young goat, even as I said," murmured Dr. Hi blandly. "Go, my son. In a little the demon that has oppressed you will depart."

And he lit a fire-cracker and, as it banged, smote the gong, while the sufferer was led off by his friends. The crowd thickened. Many folks passed into the market, sold their wares and set about shopping. With voice, gong, and crackers Dr. Hi advertised his presence, praising himself and his medicines without stint. Patients came in a steady stream and departed—mostly writhing.

The lean purse grew heavy, some of the compartments of the drug box had to be refilled from bags taken from the inexhaustible pack; the big cautery iron, the doctor's favourite weapon, began to show signs of wear.

But at last the rush slackened. The market was over, the folks going home, and Dr. Hi had leisure to refresh himself with a bowl of chop and a pot of tea brought from a neighbouring cook-shop. He lit his pipe and leisurely began to pack up with a contented mind. He had had an excellent day. He proposed to fare sumptuously at a restaurant he knew of, the Abundant-Bestower-of-Succulence; then he would hire a coolie and wheelbarrow and be trundled comfortably to the neighbouring town of Sao-Hang in the cool of the evening.

He had completed his packing and was preparing to move when a man, who for the past two hours had been observing his activities from the garden porch of a house of some pretensions on the farther side of the street, crossed to his side.

"Is this lowly and ill-nurtured person permitted to speak with the highly estimable Dr. Hi, on a matter concerning the health of a trebly revered male parent?" he asked softly, after looking round to make certain that none could overhear.

"Filial piety is the chief jewel in the necklet of the superior virtues. Speak!" With one swift glance Dr. Hi had appraised his man. He was clad in fine silks, his body was of a beautiful rotundity, his cheeks were pendulous. A crimson birthmark upon his forehead was the sole blemish of a moonlike countenance. Dr. Hi judged him good for a fat fee. "I have other and finer medicines for such as your revered and venerable progenitor," he added. "Calcined tiger's claws, gall of serpents, musk from——"

"No! Those I have watched at work with soul-bestirring effects will suffice," said the filial one. "I have noted that for those who suffer in various parts of the body, you mix powders of various sorts."

"Such, my son, is what I have learned by close application and long study. But, as I have said, for cases such as——"

"My revered parent suffers all over. There is no

part of him that does not ache, from the crown of his head, filled with wisdom and the maxims of the sages, to the tips of his melodious toes. Therefore, I have considered. Other healers have treated but one part of him at a time. My revered parent remains as before. Yet perhaps if you were to administer to him *all* the medicaments in your box, he would recover ? "

" I think he would be more likely to become an ancestor, at once and with noises as of not distant thunder," replied Dr. Hi dryly. " Yet that is an experiment I have often wished to try for the sake of my own enlightenment. It is for you, filial one, to decide. The risk that you will be involved in the expense of a fitting funeral is great. The expense of the experiment will also be great. One thousand taels will defray it, and I must also enjoy the hospitality of your honourable progenitor's palatial roof that I may observe his progress, either towards the ancestral tomb or the enjoyment of a ripe and long enduring old age."

" By what I have noted of the wondrous effects of *three* of your dragon-subduing drugs administered together, I can have but little doubt of what will follow the addition of the remaining ninety-seven," murmured the dutiful son. " But since my revered father is already at the very stirrup of the heaven-aspiring steed, the experiment is worth trying. Follow me. You shall have your fee. Then you shall exercise your unsurpassable skill and remain under my roof while all the necessary ceremonies are performed."

Dr. Hi Ho lifted his pack and followed the filial one through the portal and a well-tiled garden to an airy pavilion attached to the rear of the house. Here, upon a bed of carved rosewood, propped about by silken cushions and covered with quilts stuffed with the superior down of wild geese, lay a man advanced beyond the middle years of life and of a figure that assuredly exceeded the bounds of the canon of Feng Tien, for his girth was greater by four hand-spans than his height. He regarded his son and the doctor with blinking eyes, but gave no other sign of animation.

" Behold, most honourable father, I have brought a physician whose merit is written in letters of pure gold

upon the scroll of fame. He will undoubtedly cure you," said the dutiful son.

"If it is so ordained," murmured Dr. Hi, who had his doubts. "I require more charcoal for my brazier," he whispered. "Also there was a fee promised."

"All shall be brought. Speak soothingly to my father while I procure it. His name is Wu Lung. Mine is Tin Lung. I go—yet is the hot iron needful? Surely a hundred drugs should suffice?"

"I shall proceed according to the rules of science!" replied Dr. Hi magisterially, and turned towards the patient. "You are sure that pains afflict you in every part of your magnificent body, O revered Wu Lung?" he asked.

The patient blinked rapidly and apparently affirmatively, but though his lips moved no sound came forth. Dr. Hi shook his head and busied himself with his preparations. He took a large bowl from his pack and with meticulous care measured equal portions from each compartment of his drug box. Though each was small, the aggregate made a goodly pile. He added water, stirred the mess, and once more blew up his brazier.

The excellent Tin Lung returned with a basket of charcoal and a heavy bag, and having made certain that the sum of taels was correct and the pieces of good silver and fair weight, Dr. Hi at once began his work.

With the aid of the filial Tin and an old woman servant of sinister countenance but strong arms, he transferred the contents of the bowl to the interior of Wu Lung, then settled down to await results.

Shortly after, the results began to occur. They continued to occur throughout the remainder of the day and far into the night, while the patient heaved and howled and performed the most extraordinary contortions, stimulated whenever he showed signs of slackening in endeavour by well-directed touches of the cautery. It was observable that his bulk was lessened by midnight, at which time Dr. Hi Ho judged it well to allow him to subside into the sleep of exhaustion.

All the next day the patient slept, which time Tin Lung, a prey to filial grief, spent in bargaining with a well-deserving undertaker; also he continued to sleep

through the ensuing night. On the following morning he awoke, greatly diminished. Dr. Hi Ho at once ordered fitting nourishment, swallows' nest soup, rhubarb stewed in butter, and a duck simmered in wine. These delicacies he administered to the patient with excellent effect.

From that moment the recovery of the excellent Wu was rapid, and ere the evening he was able to proclaim to several old friends who had come to witness his last moments at the instance of Tin, that the heaven-aspiring steed had for that time been returned to his celestial stall with an empty saddle.

Three days later he was sufficiently restored to bestow upon Dr. Hi Ho yet another thousand taels and the assurance of his eternal gratitude, with which Dr. Hi took his departure.

Tin Lung, who, at his recovered parent's express desire, accompanied the physician to the street gate, presented to him a moonlike countenance wreathed in deep gloom, despite the successful outcome of the experiment which he himself had inaugurated.

"May you shortly cease to have an existence!" he said with much bitterness. "But for your ill-timed meddling with the decree of the gods, my revered father would ere now have been relieved of the burden of prolonged sojourn amongst us, while an excellent if avaricious undertaker would have been providing Sao-Ping with the spectacle of a superb and mind-elevating funeral of unsurpassed mangificence."

"Refrain from these unfilial and evil-deserving observations!" quoth Dr. Hi in stern rebuke. "Rejoice rather that you have been the cause of enlarging the knowledge of this humble but earnest student of the science of healing. Farewell. May your honourable shadow cover a continually increasing area."

Whereupon Dr. Hi, wearing a benevolent smile, made haste to the town gate where he joined himself to a well-armed company of merchants, fearing that otherwise an overwhelming parsimony should impel the filial Tin Lung to cause him to be intercepted and relieved of his gains.

A full year of profitable endeavour had passed before Dr. Hi Ho again visited the town of Sao-Ping. Once

more he established himself in the shadow of the benevolent Chow Ming. But scarce had he banged his gong thrice ere he observed on the opposite side of the street a beggar who glared at him with incredible malignity. With some difficulty, for the fellow was of a meagre habit, Dr. Hi recognized by the fiery birthmark upon his forehead the erstwhile sleek and well-conditioned Tin Lung.

"How is this?" he inquired of the benevolent Chow Ming. "Is the honourable and well-venerated Wu Lung again on the point of joining his ancestors, and does Tin Lung adopt this dress and deprive himself of sustenance to placate some demon who afflicts his revered parent?"

"You yourself are the cause, honourable and gifted healer," replied Chow Ming. "Know that Tin Lung was but a late adopted son. After that your skill removed Wu Lung from the very saddle of the heaven-mounting steed, he grew strong and lusty. He wedded a sprightly maiden. Now twin sons of a superior beauty and unexampled strength of lungs adorn the hearth of Wu, and Tin Lung, having given way to reviling the decree of the gods, has been cast forth to earn his own bread."

Dr. Hi arose, repacked in haste, and sent a boy for his barrow man. Then he beckoned to Tin Lung, who approached with a lowering and evil-bespeaking countenance.

"A year past, O virtuous and filial one, your honeyed tongue persuaded me to a certain experiment. It was successful, but of its full fruition I have learned but now. The head mandarin of Ning-Po, a very wealthy person, lacks a son to make the offerings. He has proclaimed a reward of ten thousand taels to anyone who can procure him that supreme felicity. I go in haste to earn it, yet it is but fitting that you, through whom my feet were put upon the path of enlightenment, should be rewarded according to your surpassing merit."

Thereupon Dr. Hi mounted his barrow, dropped something into the outstretched hand, and was trundled swiftly away, urging his man to speed.

Tin Lung remained motionless and speechless. In his palm lay the reward of merit—a single brass cash.

# The Re-Discovery of Westminster Abbey

By the Rev. Jocelyn Perkins

THERE are some remarkable happenings going on at Westminster Abbey nowadays. They may be termed a resurrection or re-discovery; indeed, they are both. So extraordinary, so beautiful, are these varied discoveries that many an expert would think nothing of travelling hundreds of miles to see them.

It must first of all be explained that these wondrous medieval fanes, which form surely one of England's chief titles to greatness, presented in the long long ago a very different appearance from that with which we in the twentieth century are familiar. We are accustomed to take great surfaces of bare stone and masses of undecorated oak as the merest matter of course. We never expect to see them bearing any decoration save that produced by the tool of the stone-mason or the wood-carver. If we could be suddenly transported into the interior of one of these great churches, and behold them with our own eyes as they were in the days prior to the Reformation, before a single pane of stained glass had been smashed or a single carved stall mutilated, we should have found ourselves in a veritable fairyland. The cave of Aladdin would have seemed a very ordinary thing indeed when placed side by side with these glories of medieval art.

But all this has long been changed. The very recollection and the tradition of it have faded from the heart and mind of man. We must summon to our aid the forces of imagination, if we would gain even a slight idea of these manifold wonders of the past.

In Westminster Abbey today the story of the past is by degrees being laid bare. Great fragments of the inspired work of our forefathers are being revealed to the naked eye by means of a scientific process wielded by a cunning and skilful hand.

The old Abbey suffered appallingly, like the other great churches of England, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Over and above the wilful destruction due to the vandals of successive generations,

account must also be taken of the inevitable process of time. The Reformer and the Puritan did their work with a thoroughness only too painfully evident. There were few pieces of stained glass, for instance, which escaped their attack. Everything savouring even remotely of Popery was expelled out of the great church neck and crop. Considerations of art or beauty or history were ignored.

Fortunately, this was not the end. There were many things which they did not attempt to touch. The decorations of the tombs and the great mass of heraldic symbols (to give but two illustrations) were untainted by theological controversy, and these received kinder treatment by far than did the great mass of gorgeous vestments and precious plate possessed by the Abbey in those distant times.

Thus, when the seventeenth century was drawing to its close, there still remained a quantity of mural decorations, as well as various tombs, great and small, redolent of a once glorious past. Their lustre had doubtless suffered inevitably from the passage of the years; but they displayed none the less an accumulated wealth of glory of which the Anglo-Saxon race might well be proud.

The authorities of Westminster Abbey, that is to say, the Dean and Chapter, did their best according to their lights. They determined to make every effort to preserve these beautiful things for the joy of their own generation and those that should come after. A great restoration was taking place at that time under the superintendence of the master mind of Christopher Wren. It extended over the best part of fifty years, viz., from about 1690 to 1735 or later. Here, then, were all these coloured glories, many of them still bright and fair, but seriously jeopardized by the ravages of the smoke-laden climate of London even in those days, when "the town" was, relatively speaking, quite a small place. Wren and his colleagues evidently recommended the Dean and Chapter to apply a kind of protective shield which should stand between these medieval survivals and the assaults of London dirt and grime—in other words, a coat of clear varnish; but they reckoned without their host. Chemical science was still in its infancy. It never occurred to those men,

indeed, it could not occur to them, that as the years rolled on, the varnish itself would suffer a chemical change, and that ultimately the last stage would be worse than the first.

This is precisely what happened. The varnish changed its colour, and, as it did so, the bright medieval hues which it was intended to preserve, disappeared from view. This unhappy result only came about very gradually, but it was finally thorough. Tombs and other decorations, once resplendent with colour too beautiful for words, came in course of time to resemble no more than so many pieces of elaborately carved oak, beautiful, no doubt, but at what a price!

All this is, however, now changed. Some little time ago, a gifted expert, Professor Tristram of the Victoria and Albert Museum, made a discovery. He devised some fluid, the precise nature of which remains unknown, which, when applied to a given surface by a skilled hand, has the effect of removing the unsightly varnish, and along with it the dirt and grime of generations, without injuring in the slightest degree the precious colours beneath. These latter, during long years, have retained much of their original beauty and lustre, and, given an adequate expenditure of time and money, they reappear once more to gladden the eyes of every beholder.

This is what has been happening of late at Westminster Abbey. Week after week and month after month a highly trained workman, whose patience must be wellnigh invincible, has been working upon these precious relics of the past with Professor Tristram's wonderful solution. One beauty after another has been brought to light upon which people are now looking with sheer amazement. The great word "resurrection" is not too emphatic.

The Professor started upon the three great structures which stand on the north side of the High Altar and which are usually entitled the Sanctuary Tombs. Here lie Aymer de Valence, brother-in-law of Westminster's Royal founder, King Henry III, together with Edmund Crouchback and the beauteous Lady Aveline, the second son and daughter-in-law respectively of that monarch. The results have been perfectly astounding. Much of the surface of these tombs has perished beyond repair; but

none the less, Mr. Tristram and his colleague have managed to reveal great masses of the original fourteenth-century colouring. Some of the gold on the tomb of Edmund Crouchback is as perfect today as when it was originally applied. The figure of Aymer de Valence, too, now appears clad in a surcoat of blue and silver stripes, these being the colours of which the coat of arms of that illustrious family is composed. Bunches of grapes, sunflowers, and a wealth of other decorations have by degrees reappeared to an almost incredible extent.

So beautiful and so intensely interesting has been the resurrection of these three glorious tombs, some of the finest works of art of their kind to be found anywhere in Europe, that a remark was made the other day to the effect that the Chapter of Westminster deserve to receive the public thanks of the English nation for all that has been accomplished.

But the Sanctuary Tombs were only the beginning. Mr. Tristram next directed his attention to a number of famous shields, believed to be the oldest architectural heraldry in the world, which grace the walls of the north and south choir aisles. These shields possess an interest all their own, for they bear the coats of arms of a number of leading potentates of Europe during the latter half of the thirteenth century. Their story is very interesting. Henry III found, as the years went on, that in undertaking the rebuilding of Westminster Abbey he had embarked upon a gigantic scheme which, wealthy man though he was, far exceeded his own resources. The King was not the sort of man to flinch, though he must have had to endure many anxious moments. He did not hesitate to pledge a quantity of his jewels and other personal property, and he also found himself constrained, in modern parlance, to send the hat round. Thus, he was led to approach (not apparently without success) that delightful sovereign, ever dear to the heart of the Frenchman, Louis IX, and likewise a man of a very different type, Frederick II, one of the most brilliant and original of the Emperors who ever sat upon the throne of Charlemagne, and a pretty advanced free-thinker into the bargain. The great nobles of our own island, such as the famous Earl Simon de Montfort, and Richard, Earl

of Cornwall (to give two names only) received a similar appeal from their sovereign lord.

Then, at length, when the new Choir of Westminster Abbey was opened one autumn day in the year of grace 1269, all these subscribers and benefactors received their reward. In an honoured and prominent position were displayed their respective coats of arms, depicted not upon some perishable fabric, but in solid stone, destined to serve as a permanent memorial of their generosity to this sacred cause for all time.

Nothing is more beautiful in the whole world than heraldic colours or tinctures; and we can well believe that these shields, when they finally passed out of the artist's hands, must have been superlatively fine. Like everything else in Westminster Abbey, they suffered from Time's decaying hand, as well as from the ignominious addition of the early-eighteenth-century varnish. Thus, down to a very short time ago, although deeply interesting from an historical point of view, and attractive, moreover by reason of their graceful shape, yet of beauty in the strict sense of the word these venerable heraldic fragments displayed but little.

The hand of the wonder-working magician has not, however, touched them in vain. The same extraordinary process has been applied to their surfaces, and though some of the colouring, notably everything of a blue character, has disappeared for ever, yet great masses of the original work have been restored to view which it simply fascinates the eye to behold. There hangs the golden lion of Earl Simon de Montfort upon his red ground, and with his extraordinary double tail; the graceful gold and red stripes of Provence, from which historic region Henry III took his bride, and the quaintly chequered coat of the Earls de Warenne, still borne today by the Dukes of Norfolk, while the double-headed eagle of the Empire and the powdered fleurs-de-lis of France form, with the remainder of the shields, an ensemble which baffles description.

To the south of the High Altar stand the panelled Sedilia, that is to say, the official seats of the clergy at the time of the celebration of the Holy Communion. This splendid piece of early-fourteenth-century work was very

probably Parisian in origin. The panels, eight in number, were once adorned, each of them, with the figure of a saint or a king. Two of the figures on the side facing the High Altar have never quite faded from sight. These have now been worked up by Professor Tristram with astonishing results, while above them the head of a mitred Abbot has reappeared to view with a complexion which any woman might envy.

The backs of the Sedilia which face the south ambulatory of the Abbey were next taken in hand. Here were four panels, thickly coated with unsightly dark brown paint, which there is some reason for thinking was the identical paint iconoclastically applied by the Puritans halfway through the seventeenth century.

An experiment was made here, and the results have been perhaps the most astonishing of all those yielded up to the hands of the experts. A full-length figure of the royal founder of Westminster Abbey, St. Edward the Confessor, came slowly to light, as well as extensive fragments of two other figures evidently representing the angel Gabriel and the Blessed Virgin Mary at the time of the Annunciation. The colouring of the robes in which these two latter figures are arrayed is of amazing beauty.

With regard to the figure of St. Edward the Confessor a curious phenomenon has taken place. That sovereign has always been represented in ecclesiastical art with snow white hair and beard for, if tradition speaks true, he was an albino. In this panel, his beard is of a dark brown hue, not, however, by the desire of the original artist who followed the tradition of his day. Something happened after the unsightly paint was applied during the stormy period of the seventeenth century. A chemical change was the result, and St. Edward's beard has consequently undergone a metamorphosis of the most unexpected character.

The above are but a few of the remarkable revelations which Westminster Abbey has witnessed of late. All over the great church the work has been proceeding. Fragments of the beautiful original colouring of St. Edward's Shrine, of the famous Coronation Chair, the tomb of Sir Bernard Brocas, and, above all, a doorway leading into what is usually termed the Chapel of

St. Erasmus. For elaboration and brilliancy this last work of art well nigh carries away the palm.

More recently the metal work, of which Westminster Abbey possesses a truly wonderful store, has been taken in hand with equally happy results. The grille which protects the tomb of Queen Eleanor of Castile on the side of the ambulatory looks a different thing altogether: so, too, does the tomb of Margaret, Countess of Richmond.

But the greatest triumph of all is that of the great gates erected by Pietro Torrigiano, by which entrance is gained to the Chapel of King Henry VII, and last but not least, the tomb of that monarch with the grate surrounding it.

Words fail to express the marvellous beauty of the gates as revealed to us by this process of scientific cleansing.

Only a short time ago they hung there upon their hinges, so many pieces of old iron, displaying here and there a not inconsiderable amount of rust. Today, all the original burnishing has been revealed. They resemble four immense pieces of gold, while the intensely interesting heraldic details, which form one of their chief characteristics, stand out in a manner wholly unknown before. All this, moreover, without the addition of the tiniest scrap of paint. It is a marvellous piece of resurrection, and one worth travelling many a long mile to see. It may well be doubted whether there is any metal work in the whole world which can fairly be said to surpass them. Lord Hervey was not far wrong when he told George II that the entire contents of his Treasury would not be able to produce anything equal to these superb gates.

As time goes on, other discoveries may, one by one, be revealed to the naked eye. Those who live on the spot are in a state of perpetual speculation as to what the morrow may bring forth.

Fragmentary though all these wondrous revelations are, taken one by one, yet, in the mass they represent a perfectly extraordinary wealth of art. Above all, they will serve to make clear to our own and succeeding generations something of the gorgeous splendour which characterized the Abbey Church of Westminster in the olden times.

# The Fly in Amber

By Dorothy Johnson

FEW persons get through life without ever once making what used to be called a copy of verses. Mr. Tony Weller, it is true, knew of only one coachman who had yielded to this weakness; and *he* was a Camberwell man. . . . But probably the other poet-coachmen were wise enough to keep their poesy from Tony's gimlet eye. My own lapse, admittedly a bad one, took place a long time ago. I wrote a poem, and, to make matters worse, ascribed it to the ghost of the late Robert Browning. I entitled it, *Samuel Smith, Scene-Painter: His Apologia.* But the hero's name in history is William Lloyd.

Now to-day my newspaper is saying that we all know all about William Lloyd. It then proceeds, like Mark Antony, to tell us that which we do know. William Lloyd was a scene-painter, who flourished some eighty-four years back. But not in the toilsome pursuit of his art did he overtake immortality. Fame has a staircase of many steps, but she keeps a lift for some people; and William Lloyd "arrived" in one flashing moment of destruction. There was a glass vase inside a glass case; William deliberately smashed them both. For smashing the case he was fined; for smashing that which it failed to guard he is—and will be—remembered. Now that the Portland Vase is again for awhile in the limelight, the shade of William stands at its side. Nobody knows who made it; and few could name the man who pieced together the one hundred and ten little bits into which William divided it. But we all know all about William. Or so my newspaper says.

Why did he do it? "In a fit," says the paper, "of unaccountable frenzy." That is pure evasion; every action has a motive, though sometimes the reason is good enough, and sometimes merely exquisite. In my nursery days I used to be regaled with the story of Jonathan Martin, who hid behind a tomb during a service in York Minster, and coming out when all was quiet set the building on fire. The exquisite reason given

by Jonathan was a grievance against the organ; he felt it incumbent upon him to "stop that buzzin' noise." But the Portland Vase never buzzed, not even metaphorically. The ditty of no tone that it pipes to the spirit is entirely sweet and soothing. There may, for anything I can tell, be those who deny it supreme beauty, but nobody could accuse it of inciting to a breach of the peace. One must look a little closer for William's motive. He was a scene-painter. A scene-painter is, or may be, or ought to be, an artist. And artists are terrible fellows for wanting to make themselves known. The road to the stars by way of creation is long and, after all, uncertain. The short cut is (in the words of my nurse) to mar what you couldn't make. It is not only short but sure, if only you are wise in your choice of an object to destroy. The discoverer of that great truth was one Herostratus of Ephesus.

He is another historical character about whom we all know everything. In the year 356 B.C. Herostratus set fire by night to the famous temple of Artemis. He did it, he afterwards explained, in order to immortalize his name. His fellow-citizens tried their hardest to defeat him, by promptly passing a decree that condemned his precious name to oblivion. "But Theopompus embalmed it"—the Classical Dictionary turns human in a sudden rush of bitterness—"embalmed it in his history, *as a fly in amber*" And if it had not been Theopompus, it would have been somebody else. The laugh remains, as it was bound to do, with Herostratus and against the Ephesians. The everything that I know about him does not include his profession, but I will be bound that he dabbled unsuccessfully in one or more of the fine arts.

And it was as an unsuccessful artist that William Lloyd won my sympathy. I am still a little astonished that he goes without a bard. Browning liked nothing better than to put a case ("put case," he might have said) into the mouth of anybody, no matter who, as long as he or she seemed quite without one. Also the poet, painter, philosopher, whom nobody but himself had ever happened to hear of, always made a peculiar appeal to him; and William, considered as a painter, is tolerably obscure. Well, I did my best to supply the

defect. Browning's best would, no doubt, have been better. At any rate—I was young and tender-hearted then—I lent my lunatic artist a fine fantastic motive; finer than the lust of notoriety, which is the utmost that I would lend him now:—

> Then, don't you see, it all broke in my head,
> The world broke up, the universe—oh Sir!—
> And there was nothing 'twixt the flaming walls
> (*Flammantia moenia*—I'd have you know
> I read the Classics on half-holidays
> I' the dim gilt-ribb'd warmed-leather-reeking dome,
> Ringing with coughs—the Reading-Room, I mean)
> Nothing but that blue jar in 's case—and Smith!
> Whereon the *moenia* thundered a command:
> "Up with thine hammer! Shatter and release;
> "For being broken, this will grow at large
> "And make another, lovelier sort of world
> "Peopled with slim white women, white strong men—
> "Your old world's gone, quite done with." I'd no choice!
> I'd my umbrella with me, seven-and-six
> It cost me—we don't know, my Patron's tool,
> The Thunder-hammer, may have cost him less—
> And up and up and up it swung—and down . . .
> Crash! In a silent shivering ecstasy
> I waited, squeezing eyelids, till the time
> Should come for me to peep upon the world
> I'd made by breaking, when, instead, coarse hands
> And wails of indignation and despair . . .

Smith-Lloyd, as I conceived him, was a very voluble fellow. But I still think that Browning might have taken him up. . . . I did think so till this moment, but now I am not so sure, for on another page of the same newspaper I have found some new information. William Lloyd was *not* a scene-painter. He said at first that he was, but later corrected the statement. There are two excuses, either of which is considered among us Britons to cover any degree of misconduct. The greedy William claimed them both. He was a student; and he was drunk. I feel an increasing coolness towards him. I wish that I had invoked Browning's ghost in favour of the honest Herostratus. I would, if I could, condemn the name of William Lloyd to oblivion. But that cannot be. He has arrived, he is safe. All history is willing to play amber to this favoured species of fly.

# 'Twixt Cup and Lip

By Laurence Halliday

"AND he done bin gone and come back in less than a week!" cried Colorado Jim, scratching his red poll, and gazing wide-eyed at the horseman who was emerging from the jungle path that linked the "wildcat" oil-camp of Amapalatitlán with civilization.

We all echoed, though in less participial phraseology, Colorado's consternation.

Here was something strange indeed! But a few days previously, "Desperate" Jones had developed an authentic case of boils on the neck. We had crowded round him, examined the boils, shaken him by the hand and commented on his good fortune. Old Man Hoskin, our senior driller and camp-boss, had rapped out a letter to the doctor on the little battered typewriter, whose mechanism, like the mind and body of the man who used it, had long been warped and rusted by the heat and humidity of tropical forests and swamps. He had presented the letter to Desperate, bid him God-speed and dispatched him down a dark tunnel of a track which led, by twenty miles of twisting and turning through glades of enormous ferns and giant-leafed plantains, to the populous town of San Candido, to the refinery of the Central American Petroleum Corporation, and to that haven of peace and comfort, the company's hospital.

Wrapped round by our jungle, our loneliness and our ennui, we had thought enviously of Desperate, picturing him throughout the baking day peacefully reclining upon a luxurious bed in the darkened interior of the hospital, where the cool breezes of an electric fan would caress his face, and a smile of tranquillity and triumph, his lips.

By well-established precedent a genuine case of boils entitled a man to one month of hospital, and here was Desperate back again in less than a week! We were appalled.

That he had returned voluntarily was, of course, incredible. You had only to picture in your mind San Candido, with its royal palms, its hotels and bars, its gay plazas and crowds; then the wildcat camp of Amapalatitlán, where twenty men of a dozen nationalities, hemmed in by miles of matted jungle, were endeavouring, with the aid of a hundred-foot steel tower and a one-cylinder, fifteen-horse steam-engine, to thrust some three thousand feet of steel pipe into the bowels of the earth, with the object of ascertaining whether the said bowels of the earth contained salt-water, as Old Man Hoskin believed, or high-grade petroleum, as the company's geologists hoped.

That he had returned voluntarily was incredible. We gazed in a stupor of amazement at Desperate, as he dropped from his horse, gave the bridle to a peon and climbed slowly up the slope towards us.

Breathless silence hung over the camp. Amapalatitlán was a square clearing on a hillside, looking out upon a sea of dark green forest; a brown clearing of tumbled sticks and red clay, for grass would not grow there unless planted by hand and no one had ever had the heart or the time to transplant turfs from San Candido. At the foot of the slope, overshadowed by the precipitous wall of jungle and clinging round the mouth of the little track that led away to civilization, were a dozen grass huts inhabited by peons. A little way up the slope was the great steel tower, built of slender girders, hung with greased cables, surrounded with slush-pits and pumps, the scene of our endeavour. Beyond this, a green-painted wooden hut wherein dwelt the four Chinese who cooked our food, washed our clothes and made our beds. Farther up the slope, the three bunk-houses in which we lived, along with our bottles of the local fire-water, our licentious conversation, our month-old newspapers, our mosquitoes and tarantulas, our laughter and our tears, our boredom and our despair and our dreams. And still farther up the slope, the silvery tank, emblem of hope, that was to hold the petroleum that the company's geologists had pictured lying three thousand feet below us. And farther up than that, topping it all, triumphant and encroaching, dark and damnable, the never-ending forest.

As Desperate Jones, a small man whose round red face with pale blue eyes customarily wore a look of childish innocence and simplicity, clambered slowly up the slope towards us, a hundred emotions chased spectrally across his countenance. Rage, despair, weariness, incredulity, hope and perplexity followed so rapidly that the eye could not register them and was left with a general impression of stupefaction and a presentiment of evil tidings to come.

"Flung out!" he grunted at us, and handed a letter to Old Man Hoskin.

The Old Man tore at that letter with fumbling, gnarled, brown fingers; wrested it from its envelope; and scrutinized it with darkening eyes. A frown grew between his brows. The corners of his mouth drooped. His nostrils grew pinched and then dilated. He spat a quantity of brown tobacco juice over the bunk-house veranda and exhaled deep and lurid oaths.

"Doggone it!" he muttered, exhausting his stock of profanity.

"Fellers," he said, turning a pale and faded eye on us, an eye out of which the wrath had vanished, leaving despair and chill severity. "Boils are no longer accepted. You've got to break every darn bone in your body, or rip yourself clean inside out before you're a case for the hospital, now. They done changed the hospital doctor, and they got a boll-weevil guy that's written me a letter as full of hell as a —— as a ——"

Words failed him; he choked and turned his face away from us. We shivered on the veranda, with the thermometer standing at eighty-nine.

Silence was at length broken by Desperate, whose voice sounded thin and eery.

"I'm going!" he said. "Walking out. I am. They can have their job—yes. I'm going. Quitting."

It may seem strange that Desperate should have journeyed all those twenty miles of jungle track back to Amapalatitlán to announce his intention of leaving the company; but he had been truly incapable of reflection or decision until he reached camp. He had ridden back from hospital as one dazed after a blow, filled with incoherent, vengeful thoughts, oppressed by a belief that

he was the victim of injustice, and quite incapable of consecutive thought.

And now he was about to leave us, spectacularly to hand back his job to the company and to sally forth into the wastes of a foreign country as a modern martyr, making a great protest against tyranny.

"Quitting," he said, as we gathered round and shook his hand.

"They kin find another tool-dresser for themselves," he muttered.

"If them boils ain't genuine boils, and enough to turn a guy sick and make him so's he can't work, show me!" he cried in an injured voice.

"Quitting!" he muttered again ; and, within half an hour, had packed his bag, saddled his horse and gone.

Verily the atmosphere of Central America breeds rebellion.

It was California Slim's misfortune that he remained ignorant of Desperate's return and departure. This had happened just after the evening meal, at five. Slim had come in from work with the rest of the crew, but instead of having supper with us he had gone into the bunk-house and taken to his bed, and nobody had noticed his absence. It is strange that he should not have heard Desperate's voice, or sensed that something was afoot; but no—he stayed quietly in bed, gloating over a festering cut in his finger, and knew nothing of what had happened.

We imagined that he had been along with us all the time. Desperate's rejection from hospital had been one of the most sensational occurrences in Amapalatitlán since the day when thirty bandits had crossed the Rio Aguacero, cut their way through the bush, held up the camp, and carried off the pay-chest. Had any of us realized that Slim had missed this dramatic moment, we would have hastened to tell him all about it.

Our conversation must have been carried on in low, tense tones, accounted for by the state of consternation into which we were all thrown. At any rate, he heard nothing.

Work in Amapalatitlán was divided between two crews, as is usual in oil-camps. The "evening tower,"

as the shift from midday to midnight is called, was run by Old Man Hoskin himself. As soon as he noticed that Slim had not joined us, he left the rig and went to the bunk-house.

Slim had been hiding that finger of his for some time. He had watched it keenly as it developed from a dirty cut to a sore place, and from that to a festering wound. He may even have rubbed filth into it. The climax had arrived when his hand began to swell and a lump developed in his arm-pit.

That his condition might seem all the worse, and that he might have no scoffing onlookers when he told his tale of woe to the Old Man—for who knows but that some envious person might attempt to belittle his wound?—the derrick-man (for such was his rating) had taken himself off to bed.

"Blood-poisoning," said Slim, sadly, when Hoskin took him by the shoulder and shook him. "I can't climb a derrick with a hand like this, old-timer."

The Old Man was not in the best of tempers after reading that letter from the doctor, and in normal times there was no love lost between him and his derrick-man.

"Blood-poisoning nothing!" he roared. "Git up out of that bed and quit your fooling!"

The argument that followed was impassioned. Slim had occasion to refer to Old Man Hoskin's canine descent, while the Old Man accused Slim of irregularities that do not generally occur in the life of a gentleman.

Much of it was lost to us, I regret to say, though we left the rig and crowded as close to the mosquito-netting window as we dared.

"The only time you'll ever make hospital is when I take you and beat the hell out of you!" declared the Old Man; and Slim, as he was not feeling capable of fighting Hoskin with that bad hand, and as he was not prepared, apparently, to quit and pay his own fare back to his home in the States, got meekly up and followed him out to work.

Had any outsider accused Slim of being a malingerer, he would have been very indignant, and our sympathies would have been with hin.

It was just that Slim had worked too long on wildcat

wells. The heat and the loneliness had warped him a little, just as it had warped the rest of us. In these days of quick-drying cement, the cementing that takes place some three times in the making of a well gave us but one day's holiday each time, and you could not go to San Candido and back in a day. So we had come to regard hospital as a legitimate escape from Amapalatitlán when life there became more than we could bear—as the only escape, in fact. Thus, when, every now and then, one or the other of us had developed some mysterious complaint, the Old Man had passed no comment, gone to his battered little typewriter, written off a letter to the doctor, and sent us off to hospital, telling us to be good boys and not to drink too much of that bad San Candido beer.

When Slim reached the derrick, he paused to shoot a dark look at the Old Man, and then climbed quickly up the tower to the fourble board. His finger did not hinder him; he could have climbed a derrick with both arms broken.

It was a night of furious and ceaseless toil. Old Man Hoskin could be a nigger-driver when in a bad mood. The engine roared, the drill-stem clattered, the derrick shook. Steam from the exhaust pipe hung in a drifting cloud round the floor of the rig. We dripped from head to foot with mud and sweat, grappled with slimy steel, slipped on oily boards. Hoskin's voice grew hoarse and cracked with shouting at us through the uproar; we cursed beneath our breath and bent our heads to the work.

There was not a breath of wind to relieve the heat—the sticky, insidious, strength-sapping heat of a tropical summer's night. A pestilential stench floated up from the swamp beyond the woods, which were streaked with flame by innumerable fire-flies.

About eleven that night we found ourselves leaning limply back against the dog-house wall, gazing wanly at one another's pale, dirty faces; whilst the Old Man raged inexplicably up and down.

"There's something wrong," he said, gazing up into the air and mopping his neck with a red handkerchief. "Something wrong with that darned crown-block. Slim, take a nail-bar and see if you can fix it."

"Crown-block's all right," grunted Slim, turning bloodshot eyes on him.

"Git up there and see what it is," persisted the Old Man. "And don't get hard."

To Slim, the order to climb up to the crown-block, a mass of sheaves on the top of the tower, to look for a fault that everyone was convinced did not exist, was a direct confirmation of a suspicion that the Old Man "had it in for him." The memory of a hundred half-forgotten incidents flooded his brain, as he stood glowering at the nail-bar that someone had thrust into his hand. Malicious tales that mischief-makers had told him—tales of the things that Old Man Hoskin had said behind his back—memories of sneers and overlooked remarks, of times when he had spoken and been ignored.

His blood boiled. Hatred sprung into being, fully fledged.

"Still there?" the Old Man snapped.

Slim spun on his heel. His leather-gloved hand on the rung of the ladder, he hesitated for an instant as if in thought, then suddenly began to climb.

Seated athwart the crown-block, he peered down. The derrick floor seemed a mile below him, small as a pocket handkerchief. The roughnecks lolled against the dog-house wall just as he had left them. In the centre of the floor, grotesquely foreshortened, stood the Old Man, gazing up at him.

The driller's voice floated faintly up.

"Now you kin just come down again," he cried, idiotically.

At this command, Slim's last shred of self-control left him. He glanced wildly around, seized the nail-bar and held it poised in his right hand.

In his imagination he saw it drop, swift and straight as a plummet, on the Old Man's head.

But no. He must not risk failure or this one good opportunity for revenge would be lost to him. He wriggled round to the underneath of the crown-block, as if about to investigate something, and swung himself out over space, holding to a girder with knee and elbow. His mind worked furiously, his breath came in gasps, he clutched the nail-bar like a man in an evil dream.

Now . . . no one could know that it had been other than an accident . . . just an inch or so more to the right . . . he would let it go.

At that moment it seemed to him that the iron girder wrenched itself from the grasp of his elbow and knee. He felt the rush of air against him, saw the cage-like frame of the derrick shoot up past him, without comprehending what had happened. His mind continued for a fraction of a second to wrestle desperately with the problem of aiming that nail-bar so that it should drop exactly upon——

I've only heard of three derrick-men who have fallen from the tower without killing themselves. Slim is one of them. He grazed the drilling hose as it jerked to and fro in the air, and was flung off sideways, spinning as he came, to strike the floor at an angle and land in a pool of soft mud twenty paces from the derrick floor.

"Ribs and arm bust," muttered the Old Man, as we rolled him over and felt the faint beating of his heart through his shirt. Then,

"Legs bust."

The Old Man scratched his head, and glanced sideways at us.

"Yes," he remarked. "I guess it's a genuine hospital case this time!"

# Andria

## By Douglas Ainslie

ONCE upon a time there was a lustrous maid,
Who, rising every morn,
Called for her bridal gown, her wedding crown,
And all in white arrayed,
Happy and smiling, sat her, lovely, down,
To await the bridegroom riding through the corn.

But as the long day dragged to end, alone and sadly,
Shedding an ocean's tears, she knew herself deceived,
And doffed her shimmering robes and wept herself to sleep.
But on the morrow, hope began to peep
With dawn through the lattice, and now right gladly
Again she donned her robe, again in him believed.
"'Tis for today, he comes today," she cried,
And the sun shone, and she was happy-sure
She saw his helm move gleaming above the corn.
Joy every morning was this lovely bride,
Pensive at noon, at even sorrow's lure,
And every day her white faith was reborn.
"What name," you ask, "was hers?"
Her name is ours,

Andria: she lives in me, she lives in you,
Blooming eternal in her crown of flowers
Atop the wave's crest in the morning bliss,
Singing the same old song, and thinks it new,
And gazes dreaming down on the abyss.

# Sussex Churches

By G. B. Stuart

MEADOWLAND, and woodland, and saltings of the sea,
Where the sands of Sussex run out to Normandy,
Norman William's swordarm laid you under fee.

"Witless, godless Sussex," (rich in fruit and grain)
"Build ye, build ye churches, more and more again";
"Salve ye of Hell's terrors, while your life remain."

"Churlish, childish Sussex," (rich in sheep and kine)
"Take the load of Peter, pay the Pope his fine";
"On your shoulders bear it—loosing it from mine!"

So King William shifted royally his debt;
So the Norman churches round the coast were set;
Each a chest for Peter's Pence,—see them standing yet!

Lyminster and Clymping, Tortington and Ford,
Little Sussex churches that love and praise the Lord;
Norman William raised you—pointing with his sword!

# "Says Sergeant Murphy"

## By A. P. Garland

### A Call to the Ministry

"Funny about that Liberal going Labour immediately after the General Election," remarked Heddle.

"You mean Mr. Jowitt, K.C.," said Sergeant Murphy. "But what's funny about it? He seen the light and made for it at the double. It was a case of instantaneous conversion."

"All very fine," continued Heddle, "but being made Attorney-General——"

"You aren't thryin' to suggest, Heddle, that that influinced him wan scrap, are you? Me own opinion is that high office had no atthraction for him at all. He'd have followed his conscience if Ramsay had asked him to be no more than Junior Whip, which is a sort of unpaid lance-corporal's job. But what a terrible mental sthruggle he must have gone through before he gave up the cause he'd have given his life for until the distribution of the loaves and fishes came on!

"A week before he'd been wan of the risin' hopes of the Liberals. He stood be Lloyd George and the wan concrete plan for curin' unimploymint be takin' clerks and lamplighters and window-cleaners and domestic servants, who'd given up bein' domestic, pushin' pick-axes in their hands, and tellin' them to make a road. At that time the Socialists must have looked to him like a bunch of well-meanin' men who'd got their theeries of Governmint at Woolworth's bargain basemint.

"Wan evenin', I suppose, he picked up the *Daily Herald* and read the leadin' article. Be the time he'd finished, the scales had fallen from his eyes, and risin' to his feet, he grabbed the poker and with wan firm blow demolished the bust of Gladstone. Then he phoned through to the Stores a firm ordher for a red tie and picked out the choon of 'The Red Flag' with wan hand on the piano.

"Well, well, Heddle, it might have happened to annybody. And he'll have the consolation that he won't be lonely in his new quarthers. The Labour Party is already infested with what the Liberal papers call quondam Liberals—the Conservative critics dhroppin' the quon for the sake of brevity."

"I suppose," said Heddle, "there'll be plenty more Liberals going over to Labour?"

"Why not?" said the Sergeant. "Hasn't the Liberal Party shot its bolt? There's nothin' ahead of it but the wildherness, and the fellahs that think they'd look their best toyin' with a dispatch box at the table of the House of Commons are askin' themselves if they're doin' the right thing for the nation they want to serve by tyin' themselves to a party that's permanently out of fashion. Many of them are cursin' because they didn't go while the goin' was better.

"That's where the Socialists have the dhrawin' power. Their party's broad enough for every political opinion from bomb-throwin' to constitutionalism. And no questions are asked when a recruit rolls up.

"From now on you'll see Ramsay makin' love to the Liberals with wan hand, while with the other he'll be tic-tackin' to his friends on the back-benches not to frighten away the birds be indulgin' in the sort of noises that makes the Clyde a nightmare to men with large blocks of Governmint stock.

"For the moment he's firm in the saddle. The Left wing that want to rejuice the Army to a corporal's guard and give full wages and a bonus to the unimployed for bein' that way have been side-thracked. Maxton and Wheatley are waitin' till the Governmint are gettin' used to the feel of the Threasury Bench before they start showin' their teeth.

"In the meantime Ramsay's goin' hell for leather to rope in all the Liberals that's not nailed to Lloyd George in ordher to keep the Comrades of the Left undher conthrol. These fellahs were all right for the rough work tub-thumpin' among the proletariat, but the Labour leaders have now their dignity to considher and you've only to see the pictures of the Right Hon. J. H. Thomas in his frockcoat goin' to Windsor to undherstand that from now on nothing less than a member of the Royal Yacht Squadhron will dare to call him 'Jim.'"

"Will they try to get Lloyd George to join them?" asked Heddle.

"Not likely," replied the Sergeant. "They could do with his brains, but Ramsay's no fool. He has in mind the old poem, 'There wance was a lady of Riga——'"

# Three Plays and a Talkie

## By Horace Shipp

*The Matriarch.* By G. B. Stern. (Royalty.)
*Caprice.* By Sil-Vara. Adapted by Philip Moeller. (St. James's.)
*Mariette.* By Sacha Guitry. (His Majesty's.)
*Broadway Melody.* A Talking Film. (Empire.)

My friends "in the know"—which invariably means that their knowledge is gleaned from the fluctuations of the stock markets—continue to assure me that the theatre is no longer of any account. Is it likely, they ask, that people will continue to pay twelve shillings for a seat no more comfortable than they can get in a cinema house for two, or will endure the discomfort of the cheaper theatre seat when the tip-ups and expensive upholstery call? The answer is a paradox, for despite those facts, almost any theatre show which is worth while has to be booked days ahead; and, whatever hopes of its early demise may be entertained in the regions of Wardour Street, it looks remarkably alive. Given showmen with Mr. Cochran's *flair* for the right and good thing, I prophesy that it will be some time before the seven new theatres which are a-building in London will need to install cinema and talkie apparatus.

The two arts are incomparable; something of the old joke about the impossibility of riding a cow and that of milking a bicycle lies in comparison. Moreover, that of the theatre is highly finished and is to an appreciable degree in the hands of people who study it as an art; whilst the other is still so experimental as to be painfully *gauche*, and in the hands of folk terribly harassed by the necessity of getting an immediate return for the vast sums vested in it, is continually tripping up over its own headlong mechanical advance. Of course, it will achieve perfection in these mechanics eventually, will have time to understand its own nature and its own vast possibilities, but when it does, it will be to realize that it is an entirely different matter from theatre art.

To turn any one of the three plays listed at the head of this article into a talkie would be to destroy everything we went to the theatre to see. *The Matriarch* is indissolubly linked with the living, breathing, improvising, human Mrs. Patrick Campbell, coming back to the West End with a brilliance of acting entirely characteristic;

with the subtlety and quietude of Ethel Irving, and with the growing histrionic power of Beatrix Thomson. The talkies would waste themselves on details, and even if they managed to give us the sweep of G. B. Stern's fine novel, this human element would be lost. The play itself, with its excellent story, is one of the first occasions I have seen of a dramatization of a novel which showed no creaking signs of its transcription from the sister art. It has beauty and humour and humanity; its dialogue (O talking film writers, go sit at its feet) has compression of meaning which causes every line to add to our knowledge of character or to carry on the story. In a word: it is drama.

Again at *Caprice* we are brought up against that elemental rightness. The actors, a company from the New York Theatre Guild, speak this racing Viennese wit with an American accent. Emphasized by the amplifiers and slowed down to the needs of the cinema, this would have been unendurable; at the St. James's Theatre it was charming. It may be said that never was a theatre production so removed by its pace and methods from the rivalry of mechanics. The mental atmosphere is so electric that a player seems never to wait for the other to finish the sentence, but immediately its end has become obvious, the retort is struck in. The effect is so entirely right for this comedy, that I yearned to draw my neighbour's attention to it lest such brilliant artifice was concealing itself too well. I should like to take all aspiring producers and all actors and actresses who are not already past praying for to study the *tempo* of this piece, to watch how skilfully it is used to underline the motives and the meaning. By its use, into the very midst of the airy amorality of it all we can be brought up against the pathos of the inarticulate shyness of the son and made wise to the very real sense of values of his father's mistress. Miss Lynn Fontanne, visiting her home country from the land of her adoption, gives a performance which is nothing short of marvellous. Its delicacy and ease give the keynote to the playing, and Alfred Lunt plays up perfectly to this, as the amorous barrister whose ménage is invaded by the mistress of former days and his unknown sixteen-year-old son. This is comedy at its best. It is not for the slow of wit; but it creates its

own atmosphere wherein the mind is alert to its nuances, and its artifice never slackens nor fails.

The story of unapproachable stage art is repeated by the Guitrys at His Majesty's. Its method is subtlety; its medium personality. Yvonne Printemps as the little opera singer who becomes the mistress of Prince Louis Napoleon, and later as the centenarian recorder of the great events of the time, is nothing short of perfect; and Sacha Guitry himself, first as Napoleon and then as the recording journalist, echoes her brilliance. The airiness of the burlesque of 1840 opera is in itself enough for delight; and Aquistapage stands worthily with these two great artists of the French stage. This is the theatre realized. It understands so well its own artistry, never flags, never errs, demands that we take to it an adult intelligence and then rewards that intelligence with something essentially worthy.

If the talkies can find their Mrs. Patrick Campbells, their Lynn Fontannes, their Guitrys, if their producers will be as conscientiously understanding as Philip Moeller has been with *Caprice*, they will take their own high place as an art unassailable by any new forms. I went to *Broadway Melody* more than ready to bless. It had received the praise of the critics; I was assured that it was drawing crowded houses; it was a Metro-Goldwyn production, and with a knowledge of what they could do with the silent film I was full of expectation. It nearly destroyed my hopes of the talking films. Its story took the cinema back ten years to the days of "sob-stuff" and glycerine tears (and how hideous these beautiful cinema ladies look when they weep! Compare any one of them with Beatrix Thomson's hysteria in *The Matriarch*). All the evolution of cinema photography seemed to have been abandoned, if one excepts some coloured shots which were interesting, but spoilt by their scale. The whole distinctive technique of the art was wanting, and in its place voices as tinny and toneless as falling milk-cans spoke entirely undramatic dialogue such as the merest tyro dramatist would not dare to use. This will never do! Catchpenny is a dangerous game; and if this is the best that a great syndicate can do, the theatre may rest on its achievement for many years.

# Books

## EDUCATION

THE AIMS OF EDUCATION AND OTHER ESSAYS. By A. N. WHITEHEAD. Williams and Norgate. 7s. 6d.

FORMERLY a mathematical don at Cambridge, Dr. Whitehead now belongs to Harvard as a professor of philosophy and is recognized as a leading thinker, happily combining philosophy and science. The addresses printed here were given from 1912 to 1917, and much of the book was published in the latter year; but we are glad to see all of it. Dr. Whitehead practises a delightful naturalness and puts his points well without the pedantry that often makes educational literature so unreadable. His main topic is "education on its intellectual side," and throughout he makes very sensible protests against "inert ideas," the mental piling up of stuff for examinations which will be of no use in life. Pupils are crammed for honours which please them and their teachers, their school or college, apart from the material rewards they bring. All this is natural enough, but not always, or perhaps often, an aid to self-development, which is the purpose of education. A broad view of the growing mind suggests some modifications in method. "There is only one subject-matter for education, and that is life in all its manifestations." In teaching theory should be divided from practice and a thorough knowledge of a few subjects is better than a shallow view of many. So far is common ground among enlightened teachers, but the professor's summary of growing faculties and the best way to use them is new to us. The chapter on "The Rhythm of Education" and those that follow from it are very striking. The stage of romance, one of freedom using the natural ferment of the opening mind, is the first stage of apprehension; followed by the stage of precision, one of discipline, when we learn grammar, analysing and putting in order the general subject-matter of the romance; and finished by the stage of generalization, when we return to romance with the advantage of the technique and gifts of arrangement we have acquired. Here style comes in, which never belongs to the amateur. "Education should consist in a continual repetition of such cycles," with due regard for particular abilities. The rigid curriculum imposed by a supervising department is often more of a curse than a blessing. The university period should be one of standing up and looking round after long bending over the desk. The university should impart information imaginatively, should weld together imagination and experience:

> Education is discipline for the adventure of life; research is intellectual adventure; and the universities should be homes of adventure shared in common by young and old.

Unfortunately, as the author found at Cambridge, the old game of the aimless accumulation of precise knowledge goes on, leading to dullness and paralysis of thought. The teacher should decide definitely what he intends to teach and what his pupil ought to know :—

> The secret of success is pace, and the secret of pace is concentration. But, in respect to precise knowledge, the watchword is pace, pace, pace. Get your knowledge quickly, and then use it. If you can use it, you will retain it.

As for religion, its vitality is shown "by the way in which the religious spirit has survived the ordeal of religious education." Equally pungent comments might be quoted on the teaching of mathematics and the classics. The last part of the book, dealing with thought in mathematical symbols, logic and new ideas of space and time, will be difficult to the average reader, but probably it is as easy as it could be made. Broad-minded and essentially human with all his load of knowledge, Dr. Whitehead should attract a wide audience. V. R.

THE CONCISE OXFORD DICTIONARY OF CURRENT ENGLISH. Adapted by H. W. FOWLER. Oxford University Press. 7s. 6d.

A DICTIONARY is an important means of education, and the "Concise Oxford," with an authority no similar book can claim, has long been on the desks of those who care for English. The copy we use is dated 1911, and the new one of 1929, though sold at a very moderate price, has grown into 400 pages more. Also it relies on the completed big Dictionary which was not available at the earlier date. It thus includes the discoveries which that incomparable work records, and there is now no reason for public and private writers and prosers to go on repeating obsolete derivations and muddling words of foreign origin they should know. Ours is an age of abbreviations, and the enlarged list of these at the beginning of each letter should solve some daily puzzles. It might be increased, giving, for instance, the O.R. of Rugby and other schools. We notice that the commercial "f.o.b." and "f.a.s." are included, but not the medical "G.P.I.," which is unfortunately familiar today.

Mr. Fowler has been assisted by several helpers in his voyage over the English language, and may have felt some relief in dealing with the ingenuities of slang and amusing himself with the decision about including its wilder achievements, particularly those passed over from the other side of the Atlantic. This is a dictionary of "Current English," not the solemn work of a philologist who does not know the market-place; so we find the "boot-legger," of whom we hear enough, and even the "speak-easy," which is not yet familiar over here as "an illicit liquor-shop."

*Absit omen!* The "cutie" is not naturalized yet, or the "Chautaugua," but the "moron" and the German-American "pretzel," which has puzzled some readers of O. Henry, are here. It is useless, apparently, to protest against these importations, as English has lost the power to invent for itself. "Frillies" and the "Marcel," "bob," "shingle," and "celanese" of feminine fashions are all included. Modern invention of various kinds has brought into the language "insulin," the "quantum" theory, and the "vitamin," though we are warned as to the last that "its chemical nature is still doubtful." Politics have given us two dubious things, the "dole" and "diarchy." The "Oval," "Wimbledon," "auction," and "rodeo" testify to the advance of sports and games. Philosophy has produced "pragmatism" and "behaviourism," but we do not find the "exhibitionism" which is so useful to critics of our present civilization, or the now common *mana* of the anthropologist. "Sadism" figures, but not its complement, "Masochism." As the man in the street is allowed his "Lumme!" and the scholar his "apolaustic" and "maieutic," we think the historian might have had his "Kultur-kampf" noted and explained. Several German and other foreign terms appear. Has not "graft," besides its familiar use in America, a different sense in Australia?

In the compact definition of the senses of words, often by illustrative examples, Mr. Fowler shows great skill. "It stands to reason" is agreeably glossed, "I shall lose my temper if you deny." Among so much that is up-to-date we notice some quaint old terms worth preserving, such as the "Lady's Slipper," "Lords and Ladies," and "Heartease" of flower lore. But the two plants called "celandine" are not well discriminated as "pilewort, figwort." Both have yellow flowers, and "figwort," rightly described in its place a "brown-flowered herb," is a mistake.

Mr. Fowler, who gave us the "Pocket Oxford" in 1924, deserves hearty thanks for producing his third survey so soon after the completion of the "O.E.D." Throughout he shows an alert and comprehensive mind, and he has had to work alone, without the brother who shared his labours in 1911. Why is he not a Doctor of Letters? He has done more for English Letters than many who can boast of that title.

## FICTION

THE SLEEPING FURY. By MARTIN ARMSTRONG. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

THIS is a novel that any Book Society might choose without hesitation for its readers. It is a study of modern life by an artist, but happily free from the modern beastliness. At the opening of Book I a golden-haired young man at a garden-party admires a beautiful girl and notices the perfect poise and

restraint of her mother. Lady Mardale at fifty, the wife of a parson-peer, seems, indeed, as firmly poised as a public monument; but the young man has moved her strangely, because he recalls a sudden and overwhelming romance of hers in that very garden. The story for the next two Books switches back to her earlier life and the details of her romance, and then returns in the last Book to the original theme. The young couple fall in love, and all seems happy till a discovery bars their marriage. What follows must be left to the reader.

The story is beautifully yet easily told, with humour, a fine sense of character and, above all, of humanity. Though we have never met, we confess, the masterful old ladies of this and other stories, they are none the less effective in print, and we know well the charm of beautiful English country which the author suggests so skilfully.

WOMEN ARE LIKE THAT. Short Stories by E. M. DELAFIELD. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

WELL-INVENTED incidents, lively dialogue, and incisive analysis of character mark this book, on the evidence of which we should have to believe that man's love, generally speaking, cannot long survive marriage. Eight of the seventeen stories support this melancholy assumption, while in as many others there is no evidence either way. The remaining story shows a husband whose "affection" is greatly distressing to his entirely well-meaning wife.

When Miss Delafield invites us to believe that women are as they are here represented, we may, after considering impartially all these widely differing maids, matrons, and others, agree that she is generally right. But she would not claim to have shown us more than a selection of types. Many of her incidental observations may provide promising subjects for discussion; for instance, whether it is true that the love affairs of Fleet Street "very seldom culminate in a proposal of marriage," or that medical nurses are "almost always very unperceptive people."

To speak of the "moral" or "lesson" of any book nowadays is to invite contemptuous raising of eyebrows, shaven or otherwise. Yet, after all, every intelligent writer concerned with human relations must convey some general ideas. One has already been mentioned. Another is that such facilities in matrimonial adventure as are enjoyed in the Californian film-galaxy are very much desired among the younger generation of smart women in London. W. H. H.

A SUMMER IDYLL. By SIR JOHN OTTER. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

IN this story a young barrister becomes the lover of a music-hall singer and then finds that he really must marry someone else.

The author leaves loose ends and has an awkward way of turning to the present tense, but his humour is pleasant and his pictures of village life are both veracious and amusing. The heroine, though she can play cricket, seems rather "enskied and sainted" in comparison with most of the young women who occupy that position in the fiction of today; but the change to Victorian ideals for once is welcome. If this is a first novel, the author has a chance of doing well in the future, for his writing has an agreeable flavour; his glimpses of town as well as country are good, and he has a sense of character.

## PROBLEMS OF GOVERNMENT

THE SPLENDID ADVENTURE: A REVIEW OF EMPIRE RELATIONS WITHIN AND WITHOUT THE COMMONWEALTH OF BRITANNIC NATIONS. By the RIGHT HON. W. M. HUGHES. Benn. 21s.

WHAT the publishers mean by describing this as "the first important book about the British Empire" we do not know. That title would be more reasonably claimed for Dilke's "Greater Britain," which appeared more than sixty years ago. Mr. Hughes has, however, special claims on readers as one of Australia's most vigorous Prime Ministers, and as a statesman who believes in the Empire and has taken a part over here in decisions of great importance to all the English-speaking world. His story begins with the twentieth century and he indulges in a flow of rhetoric—one image jostling another to be replaced by a third—which, effective enough in a speech, grows tedious in a book. When, however, he gets to post-war discussions and the gradual definition of relations between the mother country and the Dominions, he keeps closer to the facts; and he has a record of forethought and wise consideration which is not common among our rulers. He very strongly opposed the adoption of the Fourteen Points as the basis for the terms of peace, and he pointed out the absurdity of applying the mandatory principle to New Guinea and Samoa. He saw that the League of Nations would vitally affect our Dominions, which might very well have fifty years hence a population exceeding that of Great Britain. The position of Dominion Ministers in the Imperial War Cabinet and the British Delegation to the Peace Conference was peculiar. They could hardly resign as a protest; they had to secure unity and also the interests of their own particular charge, as in the "White Australia" policy. Mr. Hughes points out that the postponing of peace terms until the Covenant of the League had been drafted and agreed to, kept the world from settling down to work; but it was probably too tired to continue the incessant organization at high speed the war involved. The 1921 Conference was suggested by the Australian Government, and Mr. Hughes, before leaving

to join it, told the Commonwealth Parliament that a renewal of the Anglo-Japanese Treaty was to be desired in their interests. The discussions which followed were acrimonious, and a tripartite treaty was ruled out by the traditional policy of the United States. He also urged on the War Cabinet and the 1921 Conference the improvement of communications between the home country and the Dominions as a means for the latter to achieve a voice in foreign policy, and he was the only advocate of direct intercourse by wireless when the Norman scheme of relays, now dead, was highly favoured by official support. The Dominions have now been recognized as equal in status to the mother country, but, since the war, the Home Government has frequently committed them to a policy that vitally affected them without consulting them. So they have had to accept a *fait accompli* to which they were opposed. This is "a proceeding incompatible with the effective exercise of our self-governing powers; it is a confession of inferiority which is, or ought to be, intolerable." It is shown, however, that neither resident ministers nor secretaries can give the Dominions an effective voice; the best hope for unity is the reduction of time and space throughout the Empire due to modern inventions. The people of England have not yet adjusted their outlook to the recent developments in Empire relations; they know, and are told by the Press, very little about them. Difficulties can be solved when the governments of the Dominions call up Downing Street as a man does his friend in a suburb. Imperial conferences will be held in one or other of the Dominions, or in India, and not, as now, in Britain only. Such is Mr. Hughes's vision of the future, with the most distant travel reduced to a matter of days. But the Heart of the Empire is at home, and matters there, as everyone knows, are in a bad way. He asks if the dole is to be a permanent feature of British life. It is deplorable, indeed; but we might ask if Australia has not been reckless, too, in its finance, which we have heard one of its leading ministers cynically denounce as hopeless. Still, as Mr. Hughes says, "the Empire has always thrived on trouble" and is fitted to be "banner-bearer of the army of progress." His book should promote understanding and mutual recognition, for, while he is outspoken, he takes long views and does not conceal difficulties.

THE HISTORY OF GOVERNMENT. By SIR CHARLES PETRIE. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

SIR CHARLES PETRIE has packed a good deal of thought and information into his book, ranging from Homer to Mussolini, and detecting influences which would not occur to the average reader. Theories lie behind catchwords, such as "liberty" and "efficiency." Economics, which play the chief part in modern politics, are

ignored by the ancient historians; but it is probable that the Greek "tyrants" owed their position to cornering supplies of metal or some universal commodity. (See Professor Ure's "Origin of Tyranny.") With the flowering time of Athens we come to democracy, tempered, it must be remembered, by the power of Pericles. The Athenians had great ideas, but never excelled in government. Modern democracy, both in this country and America, stands on trial, and has not yet "made good." Politics are commonly practised by less worthy citizens, and the best people do not care to soil their hands with low political standards. This is a reason for indifference, as well as the complexity of modern questions urged by the author. The all-important middle class is beginning to be gravely dissatisfied with its rulers, and who can wonder? How many statesmen have there been among our politicians; how many who put the English people above their personal interests? The sailors who mutinied at the Nore in 1797 had not had their pay raised since the time of Charles II.

At present, we are ruled by an oligarchy, the Cabinet, and this form of control demands as much attention as kingship or democracy. The rise of dictators is the most notable feature of recent government and the author's discussion of this portent is full of interest. One shrewd observation is that parallels drawn by hopeful politicians between one country and another often fail to work out in practice. English experience does not apply to France. There Charles X was pulled down by a handful of journalists. Our own popular Press is never likely to play so great a part, for it has sacrificed influence to circulation; nor can religion ever react so powerfully on government as it did. Today there is no solidarity of religious beliefs; M. Maurras is recognized as "possibly the greatest living Frenchman"; wide differences of creed are equally tolerated; and the shifting balance between liberty and authority may take the most varied forms. It is certain, however, that Britain will be the very last country to adopt revolutionary measures, and Communism, the new peril to constitutional government, does not appeal to the average Briton. He is, as the author shrewdly points out, too busy with sport to know or care much about politics; but he is beginning to realize that the democratic system has proved powerless to prevent the strife between Capital and Labour, which makes the public, as a whole, suffer severely, while it shows up the impotence of Parliament. And today Parliament is paid. We think the author might have discussed this point and political pensions.

There are disadvantages inherent in dictatorship, but many are already asking whether any change would not be preferable to a Parliament which cannot control increasing expenditure leading to hideously heavy taxation. As in Latin America, so here, people

look rather to Rome than to Washington for a model. We do not want a democracy honeycombed with bribery; and equally we do not want a Parliament which is "nothing more than a rubber-stamp save in unimportant matters." The author, it will be observed, speaks out, and his whole chapter on "The Future" is specially worth study. The main question is: How are the youth of the nation to be educated up to the intelligence which deserves a vote? One may ask also how much the "Thyestean banquet of claptrap" which an election provides contributes to that end.

## ENGLISH COUNTRYSIDE

THE CHARM OF SURREY. By GORDON HOME. Illustrated by the author. Black. 2s. 6d.

THIS is certainly a bargain at the price. Mr. Home, whose pencil drawings illustrate well the soft charm of peaceful English scenery and comely buildings, talks easily of the rivers, the hills, and the villages, and conveys by the way much sound information for the reader. His text of 130 pages in leisurely print cannot, of course, include more than selected sketches of the things worth seeing, but he points to places still fairly secluded and not yet spoilt, as Newland's Corner was, by an immense gathering of cars with a shop on wheels to feed the population which always rushes to a well-recognized "beauty spot." Mr. Home refers feelingly to the outrages of the modern builder, but there are, happily, places where he is restrained. Nowadays motor-cars bring the fumes and wealth and roar of town on every highway, and it is the byways that preserve the peace of the countryside. Otherwise, as Mr. Home wisely remarks, you have to choose an unlikely day to avoid a crowd, or hit on some point close by which is left alone and nearly as good. Thus, Pitch Hill can be enjoyed when Leith Hill is infested. Surrey, with its dusty pines, seems sometimes to be playing at being Scotland and not bringing it off; but Mr. Home tells us that one-seventh of her area is still forest and heath, and that in a home county is a good deal.

THE PENN COUNTRY AND THE CHILTERNS. By RALPH M. ROBINSON. With 24 illustrations by CHARLES J. BATHURST. Bodley Head. 15s.

AUTHOR and artist have both done well in picturing for us the delights of the Chilterns, and the book is happily planned as a series of walks. Londoners should realize that Buckinghamshire is not only very accessible, but also a most generous county in the detail of free byways where the disturbing traffic of our up-to-date civilization cannot penetrate. With a map, a sense of topography and the hints of this book you can vary the sight of old churches and fine houses with long rambles in the woodlands,

attractive at every season of the year, and entrancing just now. The quiet charm of Jordans still remains, but, as the author remarks, it takes a lord of the manor to make people decent about the litter thay make. Visitors from overseas are worse, and we remember hearing that the church where Hampden's tomb is had to be closed because they chipped so much off it. Amid the Tennysonian peace of Hampden Common, well pictured by the artist, this seems incredible. South of Great Missenden the author speaks of an intermittent "Woe Water," which is new to us. In this region he has discovered Stevenson's pleasant essay and a vicar who fought at Trafalgar. At Ellesborough Church we come on the family of "De Alta Ripa," which, without further help, we could hardly make into "Hawtrey." Mr. Robinson wisely does not constrict himself in county boundaries and includes the remarkable glories of Ewelme, reminding us that Thomas Chaucer was Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds. He has an eye both for quaint history and for those breezy uplands which keep the charm of unspoilt Nature. His book is an apt addition to summer literature. Walking—not alone like the sullen Hazlitt—you should choose a companion who is a guide to country sights and sounds. Then you can enter one of the inns celebrated in this book with a new zest for the English countryside.

## GENERAL

THE THIRD ROUTE. By PHILIP SASSOON. Heinemann. 15s.

IN the year 1497 Vasco da Gama rounded the Cape of Good Hope and reached India; in 1869 the Suez Canal was opened; and today the Royal Air Force has given us that "Third Route" from which this book takes its name. In the course of his official flying tour here described, Sir Philip inspected our air stations in Egypt, the Sudan, Palestine, Iraq, and India, and made himself personally acquainted with the staff on those stations and the problems with which they have to deal. He writes, therefore, with some authority, and the result is a very readable book. As a record of travel, it is fresh and interesting, and the accompanying air photographs give a vivid impression of the lands and cities he flew over on his journey.

Sir Philip has an eye for the picturesque, and his remarks on the ancient civilizations of the East are of more than passing interest. But of much greater importance is the testimony he bears to the supreme value of air-power in our scattered Empire. In Iraq, and on the Indian frontier, especially, the problem of maintaining law and order has been greatly simplified by the advent of the aeroplane. The tedious and costly land operations

of yesterday have been largely replaced by supervision from the air, with its greater efficiency, and its corresponding economy both in life and treasure. It is this aspect of flying-power which the author rightly emphasizes, and he succeeds in proving his case up to the hilt. In remote and sparsely populated districts the superiority of air over land forces for police work is clearly shown. It is at once cheaper, speedier, and more humane. As an instance of this one, case may suffice. In 1921 the cost of maintaining peace in Iraq, alone, was £20,000,000 per annum; today that cost has been reduced to £1,750,000 by the use of air force to replace the previous operations on the ground. The contrast is so startling that it needs no comment.

To lovers of the East, and all who are interested in flying, this book can be strongly recommended. But it is because of its direct bearing on the future of the British Empire that we heartily wish it the widest possible circulation.

PRIVATE LETTERS: PAGAN AND CHRISTIAN. Selected by DOROTHY BROOKE. Benn. 15s.

THE publishers have shown a welcome attachment to the ancient classics, which are apt to be dismissed at sight by literary tradesmen who seek only popular stuff. This book, however, is not only classical, covering a wide range of Greek and Latin, but decidedly attractive to the ordinary reader. He can see what world-famous men, like Philip of Macedon, Jerome of the Vulgate, Augustus and Augustine, wrote for private purposes, revealing their real selves and not seeking to make a public impression or pose for the admiration of posterity. This does not, however, apply in every instance. That fussy gentleman, the younger Pliny, obviously prided himself on his epistolary talents and wrote for posterity the account of his uncle's death when investigating the eruption of Vesuvius. It happens, however, that his exchange of letters with Trajan about the treatment of the Christians has become historically of great importance. Lady Brooke, in her lively Introduction, protests that "the illiterate letters are perhaps the most precious in the book," and the effusions of a prodigal son or spoilt child, preserved by chance in some dust-heap, are, indeed, delightful. We share her dislike to "good," elaborate letters, which became a popular diversion in the later Greek and Roman world. The best letter-writing, as an admirably learned and human scholar once explained, is a pleasure disguised as a duty.

A choice which prefers the private and the personal to the public and monumental is welcome, but we rather doubt the inclusion of forged or dubious letters and should like to think that Plato did not write that printed here, a sordidly financial

affair which reminds us of the "sorning" propensities of Martial and Erasmus. Cicero is admirably revealing in his letters, and his account of the dinner he gave Cæsar deserves to be immortal. He knew very well, for once, that he was the lesser man of the two. Cæsar's letter to him declares that he is not in the least concerned about the possible enmity of those whom he has allowed to go free, for "I desire nothing better than that I should be true to myself, and they to themselves." This Macaulay called "the finest sentence ever written." The Emperor Julian at his best has charm, but Marcus Aurelius is a little "silly," as Lady Brooke puts it, or, shall we say? a little soft, as his face in the British Museum statue indicates. The Fathers of the Church appear in moments of pique and personal explanation, and theological pedantry is mercifully avoided.

Altogether we find so much that is pleasant that we forgo the reviewer's usual complaints about what he prefers, only suggesting that Horace's charming Epistle of thirteen lines introducing his friend Septimius might have won a place, especially as it is praised and translated in the *Spectator*, No. 493.

A DICKENS DICTIONARY. Second Edition. By ALEX. J. PHILIP and LIEUT.-COL. W. LAURENCE GADD. Simpkin Marshall. 21s.

ON its first appearance this dictionary was decidedly open to adverse comment. Now it is, on the whole, a useful guide, though not free from vagaries. The assistance of an expert eye might have removed these and done away with several misprints. Who is "Eugene. A solicitor, Friend of Mortimer, guest of Veneerings. *O.M.F.* ii"? This separate entry is odd; he is simply Eugene Wrayburn, as the next chapter of the book cited shows, and not a solicitor, having been called to the bar. His friend, Mortimer Lightfoot, is a solicitor, not a barrister, as he is described. Who again is "Annie. Dr. Strong's Wife's cousin. *D.C.* xvi"? She is simply Dr. Strong's wife, duly noticed under the heading "Strong," with a reference to the same chapter. Under "Strood," just below, two quotations from "Pickwick" are given without inverted commas which refer to "these towns." What are they? The expert knows, but not the average reader. These quotations from the text of Dickens are often apt and amusing, but not always sufficient as an explanation. We might have been told that "Todgers's" was near the Monument. The book is a very extended record in including such headings as "Boy," "Gentleman," and "Woman." If a Christmas Family-Party in "Sketches by Boz" is included, why not the Christmas at Dingley Dell, "Pickwick," chapter 28? If Madame Sauteuse had been described as teacher of dancing to Miss Podsnap, the misprints perpetuated in her obvious French name might have been

noticed. As it is, Mr. Philip's revision has not done justice to his remarkable industry.

The second part of the book, a list of Dickens's "Originals and Prototypes," is a very full and careful record of that sort of information. References are added to the responsible authorities, including the *Dickensian*, and a very sensible warning is given in the brief preface concerning the authenticity of many of the suggestions put forward. The compiler points out that Dickens's characters are alive today:—

> I once knew Mr. Vincent Crummles and his talented family quite well; Miss Moncher [Mowcher] passes my house regularly, and I am acquainted rather intimately with Mr. Sapsea. The present-day Sapsea, however, if faithfully described as Dickens could have described him, would be regarded by the modern critic as a gross exaggeration of Mr. Sapsea of Cloisterham, and an impossible character.

This is a cheering revelation, for we thought that modern education, the increasing lack of freedom, and the gross advance of worrying inspection in modern life had gone far to destroy such delightfully grotesque figures as those who flourish in Dickens's pages. One of the most amusing identifications is that of Forster as Podsnap, first suggested, we think, by Percy Fitzgerald in his "John Forster" by One of his Friends, 1903, nine years before the book of reference cited. The evidence that Eatanswill is Sudbury is new to us. Dickens reported a rowdy election there in 1834 or 1835.

MR. THAKE: HIS LIFE AND LETTERS. By "BEACHCOMBER." Bles. 7s. 6d.

THE author is a new and consistently bright humorist who adds daily to the attraction of his paper, chaffing freely the snobbery and other extravagances which fill so much space in the popular Press. He is inclined to go back to medieval achievements for humour and interest—sometimes tediously so—since his caricatures of up-to-date freaks and foibles maintain a capital level of entertainment. One of his marked successes is Mr. Thake, ugly, middle-aged, credulous, yet always anxious to play the game, and admirably good-humoured. When he is on his travels, his idiotic servant always sends him some ludicrous thing he does not want. His author gives him a more picturesque style than we expect, though the happiest things in the book are his comical and pathetic misunderstandings. His love affairs are first-rate, and he is "rather a blade," like Shallow, and deeply wounded when he finds himself the "play-hour of a thing." As a model of unconscious humour, he is a real creation, and his author has now acquired the freedom to talk as he likes, which is a great advantage to a maker of humour.